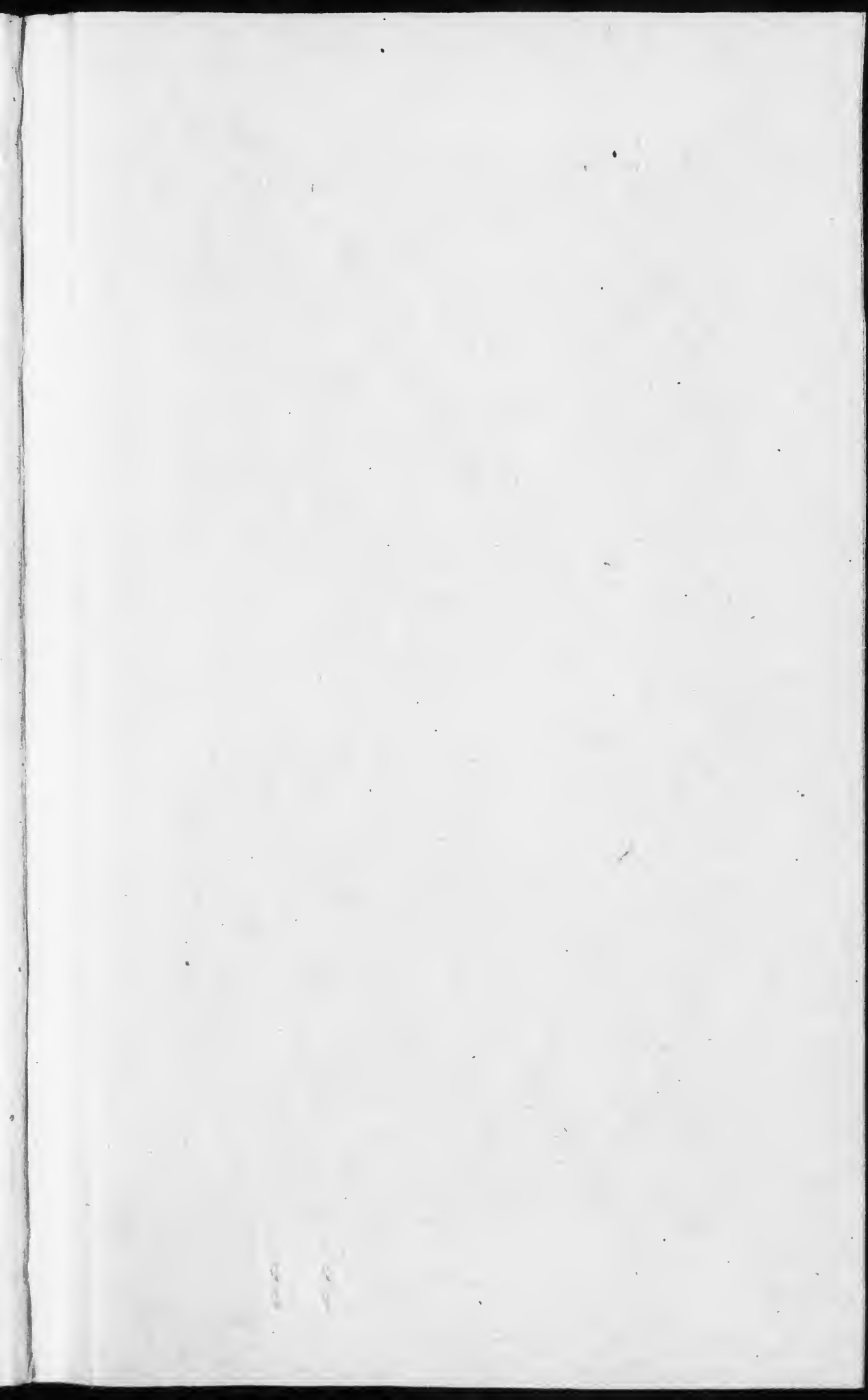


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PURITAN FARM;

OR,

181

OLD WAYS KEPT UP IN NEW TIMES.

BY

A PURITAN FAMILY.

"The good old way."

LONDON:

THOMAS WARD AND CO.,

27, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1835.

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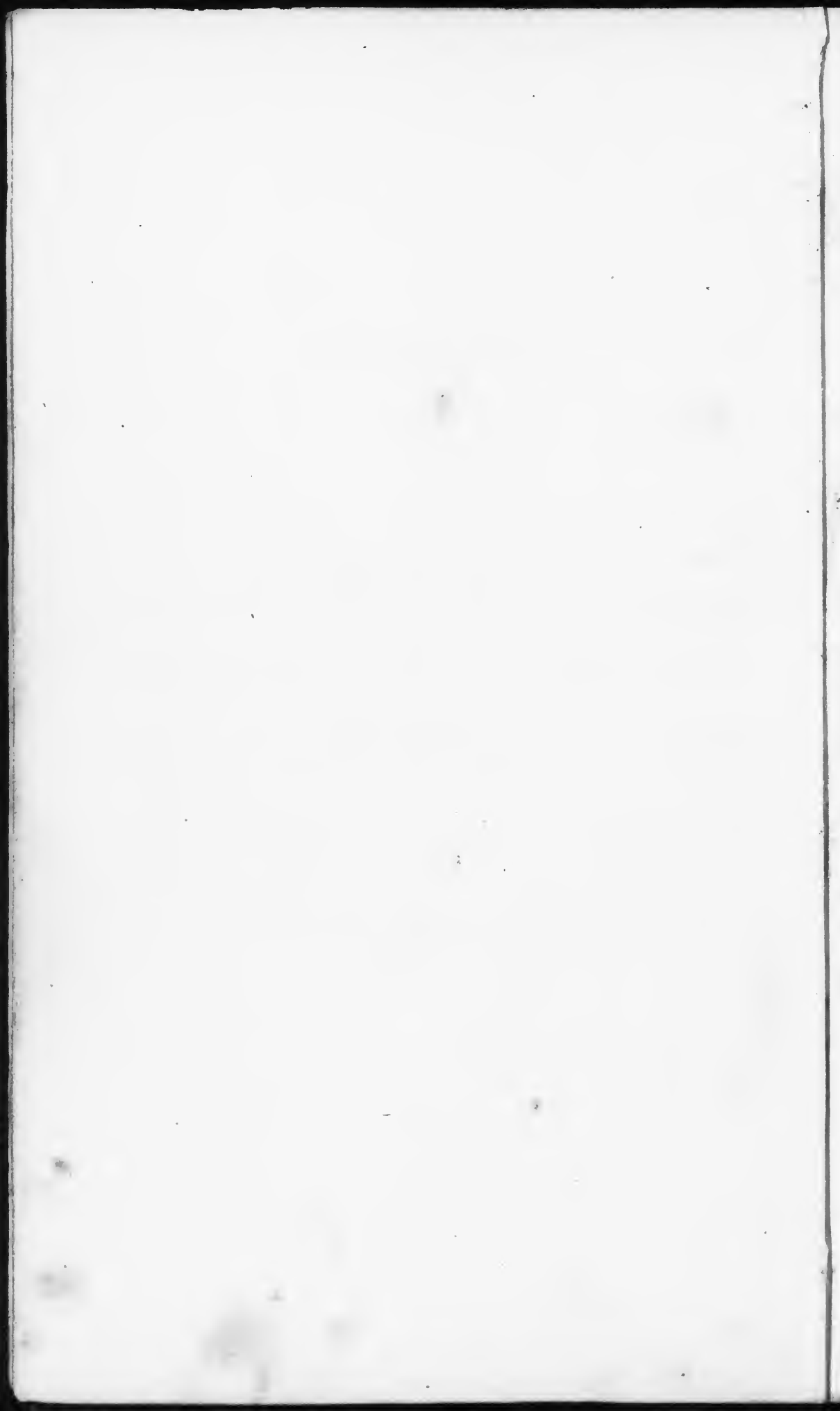
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PREFACE.

Two or three of the following Papers were written for a Magazine, as *reliefs* to more solid articles ; and, as the specimen has not been forgotten since 1818, the Series is now begun in this portable form. If it be not too *good-humoured* for the present crisis, it may be continued. So far as it is Dissent, it is equally without dissension and dissimulation.

Puritan Farm, 1835.



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PURITAN FARM.

THE GREAT PURITAN HOLIDAY.

MR. EDITOR,

I CONCLUDE, from your note upon the letter of FABIVS, in the number for August, that the commemoration of BARTHOLOMEW day by Dissenters, would be as agreeable to you as it appears to him. On this supposition, I venture to inform you, in my plain way, how we are in the habit of keeping that anniversary in our family; and although we are country folks, perhaps our plan may furnish some useful hints to town folks: at least, it will prove, that we “remember the days of old, and the years of former generations.”

I must, however, inform you at the outset, that I write unknown to our wife : not, indeed, because she feels no interest in this day : so far is this from being the case, that she is the inventor of our plan, and its chief promoter among the children and servants ; but because she, having more taste and refinement than I, and being a better scribe, would not approve of my plain words, and provincialisms,—I think she calls them. When she applies this long word to any of my low words, I return for answer, that as I meddle with nothing beyond my own province, provincialisms are the very *isms* I ought to use. You must know, also, that she is herself the direct descendant of the first Protestant Bishop of Durham ; and (what she prefers) of an ejected minister, whose old chapel (she calls it *the meeting*) is within a stone's-throw of our cottage ; indeed it stands on our grounds. Oh, Sir, it would make your heart sore to hear how she talks of old times, when she leads any of our visitors to the vestry window, out at which her dear ancestor escaped from the party who came to apprehend him. But even that, she says, is nothing to *the glory*

which has departed, or rather been driven out at the door since, by Socinianism. The Stuarts (I quote her own words) only plucked the candles out of the candlesticks, but the Socinians have placed false lights in the old sockets. You will understand from this, that the old chapel has new tenants, with new tenets, which we, of "the good old way," neither approve nor approach. Our wife, who is fond of pointed remarks (*clenchers*, as I call them) on this subject, was mightily pleased with one in your Magazine. Speaking of her ancestors, who built and endowed the chapel, she says now, "they never suspected that Socinianism, with cuckoo-insidiousness, would take possession of nests it never built, and hatch its brood in stolen habitations." This is very well said; but little Mary Anne, (she is the child of our old age,) mistaking the meaning of the long *compound*, as our wife calls the phrase, "cuckoo-insidiousness," told us the other day, that she had found a *Socinian's nest* in the orchard hedge. "Ah," said her mother, sighing as she spoke, "I wish that were the only one upon the farm." But I must come to the

point, as our wife says, when I digress ; which I am very apt to do.

Bartholomew day, like the anniversary of the passover in a Hebrew family, is "much remembered before the Lord" in our family. Indeed, we contrive to make it a kind of *little* Sabbath, by getting every thing *sided* (as we say in the country) for the occasion. Accordingly, we begin the day by reading the seventh chapter of Daniel : and it is so well understood among us, that he is the representative of the Bartholomew men for the time, that the family tree, like the poplar before the window, waves and sparkles in all its branches, as I exclaim, with unusual energy, "Then said these men, We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God." Our wife says, when I read this in my *best* manner, which I do in August, because then my asthma is not ticklish ; "that it sounds to her like a prophetic voice predicting the decision of posterity, in regard to the nonconformists ;" and adds, "the confession extorted from these men, and whispered in the palace of Babylon, will one

day peal spontaneously from the lips of a regenerated world." Now, Sir, we are all learned enough, and nonconformists enough, to *relish* such remarks : they really light up every face in the family with new expression. At such times, (and you must pardon a fond husband and parent for saying so,) I am tempted to wish the painter in our market town present, that he might embody the animated expression which beams and breathes on every countenance ; for we are able to afford a family picture, being well to do in the world ; and I should have had one ere now, but for our wife. She evades the proposal by saying, that, like the Vicar of Wakefield, we have no door sufficient to admit one of the dimensions requisite to embrace us all. Now all this is said so good-humouredly on her part, that I seem, for the time, to forget what is certainly her secret objection ; she does not think us handsome enough to produce effect. I allow that we are not remarkably handsome, (she and the girls excepted,) but upon Bartholomew day, when our best clothes are on, and our best feelings in exercise, what between the ruddy health of

the lads, and the neatness of our girls, and the matronly look of their mother; I am sure, if well grouped, we should be passable. And as we have a likeness of our wife's ejected ancestor over the mantel-piece, I often ask, "Would not he set us off to advantage, if *tastily* introduced?" But even this, fond as she is of him, fails to *coax* her into compliance; which is the more remarkable, since, on every other subject, we really anticipate each other's wishes; or if any thing put her out of her way at any time, I have only to say, "Your ejected ancestor would not have looked cross." On hearing this, she glances at his calm brow, and meek eye, and in a moment resumes her wonted sweetness. But I am digressing again.

Well, having finished our chapter, we unite on that day in singing,

"These glorious minds, how bright they shine,
Whence all their white array?" &c.

for we are still old fashioned enough to make *praise* a stated part of family worship; even although some of our religious neighbours, who can sing better than we do, have given it up at home, unless when they have evening parties

of the young folks : then it is fashionable, and “ hymns and spiritual songs ” take the place of national and love songs, and are said to be excellent amusement. We, however, have our doubts on this head, and they are so strong, that we never use *sacred* hymns but for *sacred* purposes. And yet we are not for denying amusement to young folks, nor to old ones either, in its proper time. Indeed, we encourage our girls and boys to join in a good national melody, of an evening when they are at home, and weary of reading. We even modernize a little in our social worship ; and although the old harpsichord is not used as an accompaniment during singing, (because the girls employ it for our *amusement* at other times,) we go so far as to place an Æolian harp in a remote window, and while its thrilling tones, softened by the distance, and varied in their passage through the windings of the old house, mingle at intervals with our voices, we almost mistake them for whispers of “ the song of Moses and the Lamb.” On the morning of the last anniversary, they chimed in so harmoniously, and with such effect, that the instrument seemed fanned

into music by the rushing wings of the Bartholomew witnesses. I ought, however, in justice to our wife, to state that she made this remark the year before; and this year I made the same, just in time to be beforehand with little Mary Ann; for I observed that the harp had brought it into her memory, and that she was watching for a fair opportunity to repeat it. But you shall hear more of her by and by.

After singing, we close this solemnity by prayer and thanksgiving; and if enlargement of heart be any token for good, our petitions on behalf of our revered and beloved monarch, are not unheard. The "amen, and amen;" added to them, has all the sincerity and sympathy which it breathes, when our children pour out their hearts on behalf of us. Indeed, we always think and speak of our good old king, as of an aged and endeared parent; and feel so towards him, that we could not help blessing him in our prayers, even if it were not a binding duty. - And our minister sets us such an example of this, that it would be difficult for any one to feel otherwise, were any one so heartless as to try.

Under the influence of such feelings and recollections, we sit down to breakfast ; and although calmness and cheerfulness are settled on every face as the prevailing emotions of the day, it is yet obvious, that each is thinking of the gloom and sadness which prevailed at the breakfast-tables of the Bartholomew men on that fatal morning when they forsook all to follow Christ. We exchange looks, which say, in no tame language, "the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, and peaceful times !" Our own enjoyment, thus, makes us sensible of the immense sacrifice made by OUR FATHERS on this day. I do not know what our wife may say, should she happen to read the following little anecdote of herself ; but as she will be much occupied next month, she may not have time to read your number ; and, therefore, I will venture for once. You must know then, that she and the girls use coffee for breakfast ;—the lads and I join them in a cup, but not until we have had a *grounding* of old English harvest fare. Well, while I was slicing the *substantial*, she seemed all at once to have forgotten that her cup was in her hand :

she looked first at me—and then at each of the children—and then at her ejected ancestor's picture—and then at us all again ;—and by this time, her hand was trembling, and the tears filling her eyes, she exclaimed, involuntarily, “It would have failed !” What would have failed, love ? said I. The question broke her trance, and after recovering from the confusion it occasioned, she said, “I was trying in idea to go through the effort of the Bartholomew men, by a similar sacrifice of character and property :—to realize their struggle in parting from their families, and exposing them to want ; but, alas, my faith would fail me. And yet (pointing to the picture) such was *his family* even *as our's*, on the fatal morning when he ‘took cheerfully the spoiling of his goods.’ From the strength of his character, I learn the weakness of my own.” I just mention this little circumstance to show that we keep the day, not for indulging party feelings, but for the simple purpose of improving our own hearts in gratitude and humility, while comparing them with “holy men of old.” I mentioned this to the children at the time ; but

Mary Ann, who often *puzzles* us all by her questions, asked, "Was St. Bartholomew a good man?" I know of nothing to the contrary, said I, but his day has been a bad one for other saints. "Well, he could not help that, since he was dead—why not, then, remember him to-day?" "Mary Ann," said her mother, "the difference between us and the Catholics lies here,—they keep such days by praying to their saints ;—we keep this day merely by praying to God in the name of Jesus, that we may be made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." After this explanation we proceeded to chapel ; for our minister makes a point of preaching on Bartholomew day, and on those occasions, we think him eloquent, indeed. Well, it so happened that he took for his text this time, our favourite verse, Daniel vi. 5, "Then said these men," &c. Only think, Mr. Editor, how we all looked then ! We did not think of our looks at the time, and it is well we did not ; for I should have thought next of the painter, and the long-wished-for family picture. Indeed, had he been at meeting that morning, and he is a nonconformist,) we

should have been a temptation to him ; for certainly when the text was read, our wife looked for all the world as if both the mantle and spirit of her ejected ancestor had dropt upon her for the first time. I hope it was not wrong in me to observe this when and where I did, since I cannot charge myself with looking towards her on purpose, nor with any view to the picture. And I must say, that had she suspected any thing of the kind, she would not have returned the look on any account in the chapel ; for it is only justice to remark, that if, like Isaiah's seraphim in the temple, she had " six wings," the prophet of our temple would have to say, " with twain she covered her face." But to return.—On that day our minister examined one by one all the political, heretical, and puritanical charges brought against the fathers and founders of nonconformity ; proving that they had neither been regicides, republicans, nor schismatics ; but *Daniels*, against whom no occasion could be found, except " concerning the matter of their God." But, dear me, how I do run on ! I intended to have given you the history of the manner in which

we spend the whole day, along with specimens of our evening *catechising* ; but my paper is too full already, and I digress so, that you will think me garrulous, if not foolish. But I should like of all things to write again, because we have been striving for forty years to keep up nonconformity in its old character ; and as we have found it very useful in the family, a fuller account might be useful to others. If you think so, you have only to give me a hint ; for now that our harvest is over, and the candle-light evenings begun, I have plenty of time.

Yours, in love,

PURITAN.

P.S. I have just read part of this letter to our oldest son, and he objects to the phrase, "our wife," as being too familiar. "It is my way, John," said I, "and if familiarity be wrong, why then all the letter is wrong. Were it an essay upon Bartholomew day, of course I should have mentioned none of you ; but it is a letter, and, according to your mother, that ought to be a picture of the place and persons it comes from : something which will make the reader see and feel as if he had been our visitor

at the time. This you know is her definition, 'a letter ought to be a picture.' There are more things ought to be a picture; but let that drop." Thus I answered him;—and should you start an objection to which this is not an answer, you are at liberty to alter the phrase unto "my wife."

PURITAN SABBATHS.

FIRST LETTER.

MR. EDITOR,—It would have gratified you, I have no doubt, to have dined with us last Saturday; not for the dishes, especially on that day; but for the compliments paid by *our wife* to the independence of your Magazine. Among other excellent things said by her after dinner, I distinctly remember the following, word for word:—"The banner of nonconformity," said she, "has been kept so folded up of late, that its *fringes* only have been visible. The royal arms of the King of kings might not be quartered within, for any thing that is allowed to appear openly. But now we may hope for a rock in the *Congregational Magazine*, on which this banner may be displayed on the broad gale of toleration." Her eye glanced at the picture

of her ejected ancestor as she spoke, and her look seemed to express an earnest wish, that the days in which he lived had been equally favourable to the avowal of principles held sacred by conscience, and cherished by the heart.

I promised in my last to inform you how we catechise in our family ; but, with your leave, I will tell you first how we *were catechised* in youth. Indeed, since I have thought over the proposal I made of sending you our domestic picture ; (I do not mean by this the *family painting* mentioned in my last ; that, I am sorry to say, hangs in as much uncertainty as ever, if not more ; for, unless seeing my reasons in black and white, in your Magazine, have some weight with our wife, I despair of gaining my object. Perhaps you will drop a hint, by way of note, in support of my wish, for unreasonable it cannot be ; or why should she set such *store* by that of her ejected ancestor ?) This digression compels me to begin my sentence again ; because, otherwise, the last part would be too far off from the first to connect naturally in the reading ; for, if it is with

you as it is with myself, a long parenthesis is a very awkward thing to *mouth* well. I could mention some writers who put me out of voice sadly by this fault ; especially when my breathing is short. Now, as you criticise at times, do not miss the first opportunity of hinting to book-makers, that they ought to keep in view the case of *weak lungs*, as well as the claims of weak capacities ; for a short-winded reader is as much confused by a long and intricate sentence, as a shallow brain by a mysterious one. But to return—

Since I have thought over my proposal of sending you our domestic picture, it has occurred to me, that an account of “my father’s house,” and his catechising, will answer the same purpose, and prevent any *rumpus* in the family ; for I begin to suspect that our lads and our girls might not approve of being made public in this way. Now, to avoid hurting their feelings, I have been rubbing up my memory for the particulars of my father’s plan ; and, what is very remarkable, I have found it more easy to recollect these than the particulars of my own. And, while noting down

his Sabbath evening remarks, I seemed to myself living over again the period of youth, with a relish keener even than the reality itself. "For I was my father's son, tender and only beloved in the sight of my mother. He taught me also, and said unto me, Let thine heart retain my words, keep my commandments, and live." I can fancy him before me now; a hale, hearty, plain man, in a full-bottomed wig, sitting in his large arm-chair, with a Henry's Bible before him, and an Assembly's Catechism, and surrounded by his children and servants, upon a Sabbath evening. His manner on these occasions was solemn, but not terrifying; truth came from his lips with the majesty of law, but it was still "the law of kindness," and enlivened throughout by a plainness which had a cast of pleasantry about it to a stranger. Indeed, a smile was no uncommon thing in the circle, owing to the homeliness and quaintness of some observations; and yet it never bordered upon levity. He had one style for my sisters and myself, another for the grown-up servants, and a third style for the boys who attended upon the cattle; nor was this last the

least ingenious, as you will say, when you see the specimens.

After a short prayer, he began his examinations by asking for the texts and heads of the sermons ; then he went over two pages of the catechism with proofs. So far he made no observations of his own ; but, when questioning was over, he always selected some chapter suited to the subject before us, making the Scriptures explain the questions, and the questions throw light upon the Scriptures. I shall never forget how he handled the *divinity* of the Saviour, upon the night he determined to quit the old meeting for ever. The Arian minister had preached in the afternoon, upon Christ's temptation in the wilderness ; we had all been there, servants and all ; and, it being his second Sabbath among us, curiosity kept alive attention. But the more we listened, the more we were puzzled ; for he was either so misty, or so manœuvering, that at the close there was no telling what he thought of Christ nor of Satan. Indeed, when our ploughman joined us on the way home, he said, " Why, measter, I doubt there be a *caterpillar* got upon our

ould tree of life now ; I had reather pluck ears of corn from the Bible field, and rill them for myself, than go back to meeting for food ; eh, measter.” “ Why, Thomas,” said my father, “ what is amiss ? ” “ I is no scholard, Sir ; but when I overhears the youngsters behind saying as how the parson made out there wur no devil, but a figure of one, mayhap my thoughts of him are not far wrong ; he don’t credit there is a devil, or he would never spoken as made youngsters *laugh at the enemy*. And, to be plain, measter, there might be no Saviour for any good a poor sinner can get out of the Jesus *he* preaches ; we mun live upon your evening *spoundings* till we can get a right parson from Eckmondwicke.” While poor Thomas was saying this, the tears were in his eyes, and every now and then he looked back to the old meeting, as if he expected to see it fallen. After a short time he left us, saying, “ I mun go back to the lane, and drop a word or so among them youngsters, for they are laughing still.” My - father became very thoughtful, and sighed deeply all the way home ; even at tea he said but very little, and

the moment it was over he went to his closet. However, at the stated hour of catechising, he was in his old arm-chair as usual, with Henry's Bible before him, open at the 3d of Matthew. That night he made no inquiry about the sermons we had heard, but, after hearing the questions, he began to expound in his own way, to this effect:—

“ Thomas, our minds are like sacks, they keep best when full ; what is the best way to keep chaff out of them ? ” “ Cram them with corn, sir. ” “ Well, I am going to attempt this ; at least, if not to *cram* exactly, to leave but little room for the chaff of error. Now, lads, I am going to speak about what you have been hearing this afternoon about the Saviour and Satan ; and we shall begin with the last first. You know there are good men and bad men in this world ? ” “ Yes, Sir. ” “ Well, may there not be good angels and bad angels in the other world ? ” “ Yes, Sir. ” “ But the angels were all good at first, how could any, then, turn out ill afterwards, Thomas ? ” “ Just as our first parents did, who wur every *wit* as good as angels original ; not

so great though." "John, (that's me,) were a copy of the Bible sent among spirits who had never seen human beings, nor heard of them before, would such spirits show any good sense in saying that Pharaoh and Judas were mere *figures* of speech?" "They could never say so, surely; but I see your drift in this question; the new minister never saw the devil, and, therefore, declares him to be a figure of speech, although the Bible describes him as fully as it does Pharaoh and Judas." "Right, whatever we know *them* to be real persons by, by the same tokens we know Satan to be a real person. Thomas, what terror or punishment did the new minister leave in that final sentence, 'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels?'" "Just none at all, Sir; for I happen to understand the meaning of *figures of speech* from Miss Mary there; you know, Miss, you said, when you used to go a-field with I, ploughing, for your health, as how I wur highly *figritive* in my speech about weeds, and grubs, and blight, and so forth; now measter, departing to the great figure, and its little figures, is not

no punishment at all ; them are things don't want everlasting fire to burn them." " Very true, Thomas ; the notion takes away all terror from hell—all sanctions from divine law—and leaves nothing solemn about the Judge himself. Now, lads, do you see through all this ?" " Yes, sir, Tummas has made it out clear." " Well, you must take care not to join those thoughtless youngsters who were laughing at the devil, as we came up the orchard lane. This young minister, who has turned their heads, knows no better himself ; but neither his sayings nor their sneers can alter your Bible, and, therefore, ought not to alter your fear of the wicked spirit ; there is no laughing around him in hell, but ' weeping and gnashing of teeth.' We come now to a more cheerful subject ; that is, the dear and glorious Saviour."

My sheet is done before I am half done, but you shall hear more soon from

PURITAN.

PURITAN SABBATHS.

SECOND LETTER.

MR. EDITOR,—Before taking up again the thread of my story where it broke off, I have to inform you, that at length *our wife* approves of my letters, save and except what they contain about *herself*. “It would both encourage and assist,” she says, “in rescuing from oblivion your father’s shrewd remarks, if you would suppress my observations, or, at least, keep out my name.” But I tell her, in answer to this, that I might as well take the share from my plough, or the teeth from the harrow; for, without her remarks, my letters would be mere “fallow ground,” neither useful nor ornamental. “However, write yourself,” say I, “and the moment you begin, I will give up; an exchange which the editors may congratu-

late themselves upon." This she declines at present, and is pleased to say, that I have so much of my father's character about me, and a style which does some justice to his ingenuity, that specimens of his domestic catechising will come with more effect from my pen than from hers. Thus the matter stands at present; and, between you and I, it is likely that she will become a correspondent ere long. And then—but I forbear.

When my father had finished his remarks about Satan, he proceeded to ask the lads some simple questions concerning the love of Christ, and its practical influence. They were then dismissed, to look after the cattle until prayer time; Thomas only being allowed to remain during the following conversation held with us:—

“Children, I can speak more freely now that the lads are gone out. I do not wish to give them an idea of the person and work of Christ being subjects of dispute; but among you, I must try to meet the objections which you have heard. Thomas, what was it the new minister's sister puzzled you with about Christ

being the Son of David?" "Why, measter, she began in this way—'You *ould lights* say, that Joseph were not the real, but the supposed father of Christ.' Says I, 'The Bible says so too, Miss; and the Saviour never called Joseph father; no more did Joseph call him son.' 'Well, but how then do you make out Jesus to be of 'the house of David,' seeing as how it be only said, that Joseph, not Mary, was of the royal linige?' There I stuck fast, measter, and shuld be glad of a lift, because I sees from prophecy, that the Messiah *mun* be a son of David." "Well, Thomas, I have been reading the genealogies, and can easily settle this affair. John, (that's me,) turn to Matthew; who does he say was Joseph's father?" "Jacob, Sir." "Now, turn to Luke; who does he say?" "Heli, Sir." "Very well; Joseph could not have two fathers, that is certain, Thomas." "Yes, Sir." "Either Jacob or Heli was, therefore, his *father-in-law*; and no matter which of them was so, seeing he who was Joseph's father-in-law, was Mary's real father; what follows from this, John?" "Why, sir, that Mary was as much a daughter of the

royal house, as Joseph was a son of it."

"Right; do *you* see through the matter now, Thomas?" "Aye, sure, them *ginalogies* clears it up quite; but somehow the hard names made me skip them parts, or I moight have seen by mysell that Joseph could not have two fathers. Howsomever, there be no excuse for Miss *juggling*, who can read well. Do you think, measter, that Miss cheats, or is cheated?"

"Why, Thomas, we shall hope the best, and proceed to another subject."

"Mary, my love, what were the two principal charges brought by the Jews against the Saviour? Think, now; there are *two* in particular." "And very *unlike*, papa; they charged him as having a *devil*; and as making himself *equal* with God." "Right; well, my love, did Jesus deny *both* of these charges?"

"No, papa, not both; but the *first* only. He refuted at once the charge of having a devil."

"Well, John, why would he not rest under *this* imputation?" "No good man would, Sir, who could clear himself: Jesus owed it to his own *character* to reject the title 'Beelzebub;' and if he had put up with it in silence, his conduct

would have confirmed the Jews in their opinion." "Right; and when they understood him to claim *equality* with God, did he not as much *owe* it to his own character to correct their mistake (if it was one) on this point?" "Yes, Sir, a good man would no more connive at his being thought equal with God than with the devil; but would feel himself as much bound to explain in the one case as in the other." "Right, right; we shall crack this nut bye and bye. Thomas, you have to go to the corn-market this week, and to manage the sales; now, suppose one of the *corn-Jews* was to mistake *you* for *me*, and call you by name, and treat you as he would me; in that case (which is not unlikely when your best clothes are on) would you wink at the mistake, and answer to my name?" "That I wuldn't, measter, but set him reeght at once, by saying as how I wur a *sarvant only*. But I sees where all this leads; the Saviour is either 'equal with God, or not equal with an honest man;' for even I wuldn't say nothing that might give a *wrongous* notion of mysell." "I believe you, Thomas; you would not: and thus it is that

Socinians have no alternative, but either to admit the equality of the Son with the Father, or to stab the moral character of Christ at the very *core*. But, Thomas, I observed the other day, when you were ploughing, that you stopped half-way down the furrow, and seemed lost in thought. I do not mention this as finding fault, but I should be glad to know what you were thinking of so earnestly at the time. I know you have been much exercised of late by the disputes in the old chapel.”

“Why, measter, my thoughts are none of the brightest on no points; but during this ‘*fiery trial*,’ they do me good; and, on that morning, I wur thinking on that sweet promise, of Father and Son coming both to ‘*take up abode*’ with any man that loved the Saviour; and all at once it rushed through my heart, that a *human Son* could not come thus way with a *divine Father*: he mun have the *same natur* before he could manifest himself in the *same way* to believers. I got such a *grip* of this, that I lost hold of the plough for a moment. But there wur no damage done to the horses or the harness, that you may rely.” “So I do,

Thomas; but even had there been any damage, these remarks should have been received as ample compensation. Perhaps you can recollect some more thoughts of this kind *rushing* through your heart." "One thing I shall not soon forget, measter: I had long ago been experimentally taught, that the *world* wur not my 'rest;' but it wur only of late I larned, that neither wur the *church* my 'rest;' the sad change at the ould chapel sent this home with a *drive* upon my heart, and so I began to think more of the 'rest which remaineth for the people of God.' Well, one day when I wur turning over in my mind what Paul says, that 'to depart and be with Christ is far better;' this came in like a flood,—Where would be the *far better*, wur Christ a mere man, or, what is more, a *moighty* angel? for sure Paul could not have so much of his company to himself as to make up for every thing. I am afeard I miss my mark for want of words; but I see'd clearly, that so much of the bliss of heaven, as the Bible sets out, could not hang on none but a God. "Why, a *human* Saviour would never *get through* all the redeemed to bid them welcome;

they will be so ‘many sons in glory,’ that he could hardly speak to each more than *once* in a thousand years ; which don’t come up to the ‘*far better*’ of the word. I hope this is not *disreverent* to say so ; I don’t mean wrong at all ; but I mun say that the Christ of Socinians cannot make the *heaven* of the Bible ; the Lamb is ‘the glory’ of that.”

When Thomas had finished this speech, he went out to see after his horses, and, during his absence, my father said, “ You perceive, children, that God reveals to babes and sucklings, what is often hid from the wise and prudent. This worthy man, in the simplicity of his heart, ‘doeth the will of God ;’ and, agreeably to the promise, ‘he knows of the doctrine whether it be of God.’ And, believe me, those plain remarks you have just heard are more weighty than any *verbal criticism* I ever heard. They are grounded upon the very *essence* of present and future happiness. And this is exactly that *kind* of proof I wish you to be familiar with, now that our neighbourhood is ringing with speculation. Take, then, the following specimen : Jesus says, ‘He that loveth

father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.' Now you know what it is to love me ; I feel that you do. And your *departed* mother !"—Here my father was overcome, and stopped. He had anticipated this emotion, and, to hide it from us, had fixed on his spectacles firmly, and, leaning his arms upon the great Bible before him, looked down while he was speaking. But the gush of tears was too plentiful for the glasses to conceal long ; they fell altogether on the Bible at once. I need not say that we were all touched to the heart. Well, after a little, my father became composed, and proceeded thus : " My beloved children, you feel at this moment what '*natural affection*' is. Could you transfer those fine emotions, *now*, to Moses, to Elijah, or to Isaiah ?" " No, indeed, papa," said Mary ; " it would be impossible, and *unnatural*, if it were possible ; no human being of good sense would ask for such affection, nor have any right to it. A *divine* Saviour deserves it, but a human Jesus could not establish a claim beyond esteem and obedience." " Thank you, thank you, Mary ; I am not *selfish* in drawing out this good confes-

sion, so gratifying to me. I feel in regard to you all, what you feel on my behalf, that a *human* Saviour would not, indeed, ought not, to say, 'He that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me.' God, manifest in the flesh to atone, and ascended to intercede, *has* a right to claim even more; and I feel it both *natural* and proper to transfer my paternal love, in all its strength, to Immanuel. But it is the hour of prayer; call in the servants. We shall resume this subject at some future time, when we are less agitated."—I am overcome, too, and must stop for the present.

PURITAN.

A PURITAN SERMON.

TO THE EDITOR.

Puritan Farm.

BEFORE giving you an account of our own Sabbaths, I must give you a *clue* to some of the secrets, which are sure to pop out when I get into the subject. Not that I am a tell-tale; but you have seen already that I can only describe things just as they are. Now, you must know, that our present worthy minister was but a very young man when he came amongst us. So he did not exactly suit me "to a T" at first, although he was strongly commended to us by that good old Puritan, Mr. Wilson, of the college. Indeed, at first, he had as many *schoolisms* as I have *provincialisms*. Our ploughman said, (although he liked them hugely,) that "for certain he wur, at times, moighty loike Harvey's Meditations; or, a thought too flowery." Our wife, how-

ever, saw through him from the very first; and the children took to him wonderfully. She said that my *hits* might give his style some point, and his taste give mine some polish; “for,” she added, “your style is as *burrish* as his is flowery.” It sticks, however;—but let that pass now.

All I want to explain is, how my youngsters took to him. He gave quite a new cast to the mind of our oldest son; which was, before, somewhat *volatile*, as his mother called his turn. This took place under a sermon, of which the following passages are a fair specimen; and if you have any young folks who love a Spring walk, they, too, may get some good from reading it.

I could send you many better sermons from the same pen, of late years; for he is more in *my line* now:—

There are sublimer scenes in nature than green fields and fruitful valleys; but lovelier scenes there certainly are not; when the verdure of the earth is variegated by flowers of

every colour, and leaves of every shade ; and the whole landscape glowing in sunlight. Upon these summer scenes the charmed eye reposes, like the sun which gilds them, with apparent delight ; and, whilst fruits and flowers stand interwoven all around us, we almost forget, at the moment, that “ the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth.” We can hardly allow ourselves to believe that such beauty *can* die !

Similar feelings are sometimes awakened by reviewing the history of the *moral* world. When we think of angels in their “ first estate,” and of our first parents in their innocence—the former in the paradise of heaven, the latter in the paradise of earth—and both in all “ the beauty of holiness ;” we can hardly conceive how either could fall ; placed, as they were, in a perfect state, with a perfect nature ; and pledged, as they were, to perfect laws. But both man and many angels fell. The human “ grass withered ” in Eden, and the angelic “ flower faded ” in Heaven. Well might the prophet exclaim, “ Surely the people is grass !” And this lamentation may be taken up for the

first inhabitants of both worlds ; for the glory departed from them, like the beauty of summer before the blasts of winter.

Our lost holiness may, however, be restored, and the image of God so replaced in the soul, that conformity to "the second Adam" shall eclipse the innocence of the first Adam. Although we bear "the image of the earthly," we may bear "the image of the heavenly." It is, indeed, difficult to conceive how we can be so created anew in Christ Jesus, or so sanctified by the Holy Spirit, that Heaven should become our proper element, and our souls and bodies be as fit for it as the unfallen angels are ; but nothing is impossible with God, and as "our sanctification" is the "WILL of God," we may become even *more* fit for heaven than we now are for the earth. Indeed, just as sure as the Son is the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person, so surely shall all who love the Son, "be like him," when they "see him as he is." This is the ground on which the hope of eventual and eternal perfection stands.

To assist us in understanding how this hope

may be realized in our own experience, the text appeals to that process in nature by which the withered grass and the faded flowers are restored to their summer life and loveliness. And, as this restoration is begun, and the face of the earth renewing at this moment, we shall find it both easy and interesting to trace the resemblance.

A few weeks ago, the trees were leafless, the fields bare, and the gardens unseemly. "The rain and the snow came down from heaven, and watered the earth ;" but they seemed only to disfigure it still more. We knew better, however, than to despair for vegetation. We were not afraid that seeds or roots would perish, even when "God gave snow like wool, and scattered hoar-frost like ashes, and cast forth his ice like morsels." We knew that these charged winds were yoked to the chariot of Spring, and drawing it swiftly and surely towards the earth. The very birds knew this. The lark might be seen, in the intervals of the storm, soaring to the circle of the heavens, and there listening to catch and proclaim the first sound of the chariot's wheels. That lively

oracle, "Seed-time shall not fail," is now twittered in every bush, breathed by every wind, and both typed and pledged in all the aspects of Nature. Let us, therefore, apply these hints to grace, as far as Scripture warrants a parallel.

I. As the ravages of winter are not fatal to the earth, neither does the ruin of our nature, by the fall, preclude the possibility of its restoration to the image of God.

This must be a pleasing fact to all who believe, that likeness to God is essential in order to living with God in heaven. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord;" and, therefore, whatever proves that we may be *made* holy, opens a cheering and glorious prospect to our minds. We do not, indeed, naturally love holiness, nor desire to be holy; but when the *necessity* of it comes before us, in connexion with a heaven which we *do* love, and with a hell which we *do* hate, we cannot altogether resist the force of its claims, nor be utterly indifferent to the means of becoming holy. The harps of heaven soften, or the thunders of hell silence our objections, whilst

we listen to the sweet music of the former, and to the stunning roar of the latter. No man in the face of a realized eternity can retain all his aversion or indifference to holiness. He must admit, whilst "the powers of the world to come" are vividly before him, that some *great change* of heart and life is essential to his future safety. Accordingly, there are times when we all feel alike upon this subject. Whatever compels us to say to ourselves, "I may die soon ; I know not how soon ; and death will fix my eternal state ;" compels us, also, to acknowledge to ourselves, that to die unholy must be to die unsafe !

It is, however, not unusual, when such reflections are indulged, that the mind becomes as much afraid lest it never should *acquire* holiness, as it was once averse to be holy. Strong convictions of the necessity of holiness are often accompanied with strong doubts of the possibility of it in our own case ; especially if we have tried to be holy, and failed in the experiment. This is not uncommon. . Who has not been so startled and roused at times, by the Word or the Rod of God, that he has

solemnly resolved to be and do better ; and seriously set himself to form new habits of prayer and practice ? And who has not found that these convictions and resolutions vanish away, like “ the morning cloud and the early dew ? ” And, in the case of many, this occurs often. There is a succession of solemn efforts, and of melancholy failures. What a tale some of us could tell on this subject ! What recollections these simple hints are harrowing up ! Yes, and what *fears* too ! For, in some cases, it seems, to the persons themselves, useless and hopeless to try again. They are ready to say, “ We failed so often and so awfully, that it is in vain for us to make a new effort at present ; there seems something in my heart that will not yield to the power of religion ; something about my character that is unconquerable.” Thus they argue and feel. There is happily, however, no real impossibility of being holy in these nor in any other cases, whilst the land of the living is the place of hope. God has promised to bestow “ a new heart and a right spirit,” in answer to prayer. He who annually renews

the face of the earth by the sweet influences of the Spring, can, by the sweeter influences of his Holy Spirit, change the heart, and thus change the life effectually. And, that we may both be persuaded of this, and understand how it is accomplished, God condescends to point us to the triumphs of spring over the ravages of winter. He no more ~~intended~~ that our fall in Adam should be fatal, than that the desolations of winter should be perpetual. Now we know, from experience, that they are not. Nearly six thousand winters have successively withered the green earth, and yet spring has as successively and successfully made it as green as ever again. And we know that spring will continue to do so until the end of time. In like manner we know, from long experience, that neither guilt nor depravity is too mighty for the power of grace to conquer. It has conquered some of the worst in all ages of the world. And God has made Manassehs, Sauls, and Magdalens public monuments of the freeness and efficacy of his grace, that none might despair. And now, He is as able, and as willing as ever, to give his Holy Spirit unto them who

ask him, for holy purposes. Whatever may be the winter that is upon our souls, the Sun of Righteousness can dissolve it.

II. Restoration to the Divine image and favour, is as much a settled purpose of God's, and as much a covenanted blessing, as the return of spring to the earth.

“Seed-time” is fixed and sure by an everlasting covenant, of which the *rainbow* is the sign and pledge. Whilst there is a rainbow in the heavens, there will be harvests on earth. Agreeably to this covenant, all things are so arranged in nature, as to work together for the fertility of the earth. One spring may be more backward and variable than another; but each will be effectual in causing the earth to bring forth and bud. And, is God's covenant of grace less sure, or less sufficient, for our salvation from sin and the curse? Are its provisions for producing holiness less ample or effectual? Remember! we have an atonement that we may plead at all times, against all the charges of law and justice: a regenerating Spirit, whom we may apply to and employ against all the power of sin and Satan: an Ad-

vocate to whom we may always appeal, because he ever liveth to intercede for us: a Bible which is full of great and precious promises, the express design of which is, to make us "partakers of a Divine nature." O, this provision never would have been made—this cost never incurred—this covenant never formed or ratified, if holiness or heaven were hopeless, in our case. What! would God have given his Son to die—his Spirit to help—his oath to confirm his word, if He were unwilling to save, or unable to sanctify us? Would He, who does not waste a particle of matter, nor neglect a sparrow, lavish all the fulness of the Godhead upon a plan of salvation, which cannot save from sin? Tell me, if you will, that seed-time or harvest is doubtful; but never say, never insinuate, never suspect, that the God who has done all this, is unable or unwilling to forgive us sins, or to cleanse us from all iniquity. Suspect, if you can, that the rain which is now watering the earth, shall return void; but never doubt the efficacy of the word of God to renew the soul. "It shall not return unto him void;" but it shall "accomplish"

his pleasure, and “prosper” in the thing whereto he sent it.

III. The means by which this restoration to the Divine image is effected, are as well adapted to make us holy, as the rain, the dew, and the sun, are to render the earth fruitful.

The Word of God is the grand instrument by which the Spirit of God produces holiness. He *promotes* holiness, when it is begun, by other means, and especially by afflictions; and even *prepares* the heart by them for receiving the good seed of the word: but, in all cases, the Gospel itself is the seed from which all true holiness springs. Accordingly, the text says, “MY WORD shall accomplish that which I please;” and the context shows that the Gospel is chiefly referred to. “Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.” Thus, it is by giving *hope*, that God gains over the heart to the love and practice of holiness.

In this one fact lies the *secret* of the power of the Gospel, to renew the heart, and reform

the life : it makes HOPE take the lead, from first to last, in the work of sanctification. The Gospel does not say to us—"Ye must be holy before you venture to hope;" but, "Ye must hope, if ye wish to be holy." Now it is by overlooking or forgetting this distinguishing characteristic of the Gospel, that so many fail, and soon give up, when they try to lead a holy life. They begin, under a deep sense of guilt and danger, to reform : but the only hope they set out with is—that if they go on well in future, God is likely to be gracious to them at last. They have no idea that any mercy or grace can be obtained, until they are very much better ; no idea that they are welcome, as they are, to found an immediate hope of salvation upon the cross of Christ. They may have often heard the quotation,

"If ye tarry till you're better,
Ye will never come at all :"

but, still, they feel sure that they must be better in some way, before they can be *welcome*. Accordingly, they keep waiting for some change, which shall prove that they are welcome. This,

however, does not come ; indeed, the only change is, in general, for the worse, not for the better ; and, therefore, they soon give up the active pursuit of holiness, and relapse into their old indifference. No wonder. There is nothing in this plan of reformation, to melt, or lay hold upon, the heart. It does not bring the soul into contact with the solemn glories of the Cross. It confines the sinner's attention to himself, and to his own doings chiefly, instead of drawing it to the person and work of Christ. It even hides from the sinner his own real condition, and leads him to imagine that he can and must contribute *something* towards his own salvation.

Now, if any of you recognise your own history and likeness in this sketch, and have not given up all intention of trying again to be holy, I distinctly apprise you, that every new attempt will be as unsuccessful, upon this plan, as your former attempts have been. I frankly tell you, that this process is as absurd, as if a sick man tarried until he should be half well, before he applied to the physician. But he applies to the physician when he finds himself

in danger; and the worse he is, the more prompt and urgent is his application. And, if you feel that you are in danger of perishing, and that you must be holy in order to inherit heaven,—it is to the Word of God you must look at once, both for a title and meetness for heaven. You can make no real progress in holiness, without the hope of salvation; and, unless you can find ground for that hope—in *the Gospel itself*, you will find it no where else. There, however, is solid ground for it, and as open as it is substantial. “Return unto the Lord—for he will be merciful; for he will abundantly pardon” you. Mark the language of the invitation: Return—*because* God will have mercy upon you. In all your former attempts, you regarded “returning” as the *condition* or price of mercy; or as an act that would, in some way, *induce* God to save you. You thought, that, as you were then, in heart and life, God was not, and could not be, willing to show you mercy. Any hope you had of eventual pardon, depended upon what should be the result of your good resolutions; and as they soon began to die away, your hope died

away with them. But now—what do you think of God's plan of pardoning? Return *because* he will abundantly pardon! See ye not that, if you wish to return, you are welcome to calculate upon salvation, the moment you commit your soul to Christ for salvation? This is God's plan of winning the heart to love holiness! He offers the hope of eternal life, as a free gift; and he who hath this hope in Christ, will purify himself even as Christ is pure.

Brethren! it was somewhat in this way, that our Puritan fathers made Nature an appendix to Matthew Henry's Commentary upon the Bible. Flavel, too, taught them "Spiritual Husbandry." Or, perhaps, it is nearer the truth to say, that Flavel learned from the Puritan Farmers, how to write his book. But however that may be, both of them were taught of God, so far as they followed holiness. May I preach in the spirit of Flavel, and you hear in the spirit of your fathers! Amen.

You will gather from this, how our oldest son came to be somewhat *tasty* for a farmer's son, as well as truly pious. Indeed, (between

ourselves,) I have my suspicions, lest he quit the plough for the pen or the pulpit. And, if God should call him to CHINA, as a missionary, now that vast field is opening, I durst not make him "disobedient to the heavenly vision." But, not a word of this yet—to our wife!

PURITAN.

P.S.—Dear me! if I have not forgotten the TEXT of the sermon. You, of course, have guessed it. I refer others to Isaiah lv. 10, 11.

PURITAN SABBATHS.

THIRD LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Puritan Farm.

A PURITAN SABBATH, judging from the parliament and the daily press, might be the chief fast day of a BLACK LENT. But, mayhap you do not know what a black Lent is. I myself do not know the *items* of it. This, however, I do know, that even when Lent is black all through, it is *blacker* in cities than in the country; at least, it was so to the Catholics, (I really grudge the Papists that name, as much as I grudge the name Unitarians to Socinians,) before the Emancipation Bill. Once, I remember, it was made so black in our county, that my old neighbour, (he is dead and gone now,) the *Roman Catholic* squire, was so as-

tounded at the bill of fare allowed by his chaplain, that, although a fasting man, he was off to BATH next morning, hoping to find things better there.

“He may go farther and fare worse,” was the *look*, if not the language, of the chaplain; and so the squire found it, for no sooner was the Bath Guide for Lent laid before him, than he ordered out his carriage, and came direct home again.

I do not, of course, wish for any of your *anti-Sabbath* editors or senators to visit our farm on the Lord's day; but they might travel farther and fare worse. They would find our Sabbaths (and we are not singular) just as unlike what they call a *Jewish Sunday* as their own, although in another manner. They would see no gloom here, “unless their vision be so vitiated as to call *light* darkness,” as our wife would say. We rise earlier on the Sabbath morning, to be sure, than they do; but then we rise earlier than they do every morning. Now, there is our oldest son, although somewhat given to sit late, (for he is a great reader, and something of a writer too,) he gets up on

that day, if not exactly *with* the lark, *like* the lark ; I mean, of his own accord and choice. I no more call him than I call the larks. If there be any call in his case, it is like the sweet summons addressed to the spouse from heaven, " Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field ; let us get up *early* to the vineyards, and see if the vine flourish, and the tender grape appear." Grace, I hope, sends him out amongst the scenes of nature ; and nature, I am sure, sends him back to the means of grace. Certain it is, that he comes back regularly from his favourite haunts, to both family and public worship. This, of course, I expect ; and would exact, too, if necessary, whilst he is under my roof. It is, however, as much the law of his own mind, as of my house. If you ask me how I expect him to spend his time when he is thus down in the wooded dingle, or up the hill, where our old beech-tree commands a view of the channel ; I answer at once, that is left entirely to himself. Sometimes, I know, he tries his hand at sacred poetry, both in the mornings and evenings of his Sabbaths. And do I object to this ? No,

nor our wife either; nor would my venerable father have done so.

I would not have hinted at his poetry, but in the hopes of convincing him that his mother is right when she assures him, that whatever poetry there may be in his mind, there is no music in his ear. She means, I suppose, that he has no *ear* for the music of poetry. Now, if this be the fact, (and she is no mean judge,) he might be cured of trying his hand in rhyme, were you to reject the following stanzas, (*Spencerian* he means them to be, though, I must say, he does not *call* them so,) or to point out their grand fault. Perhaps the very *look* of them, in black and white, upon your pages, would effect a cure; for he has some taste:—

PURITAN AND NON. CON. PORTRAITS.

* * * * *

I know too well the justice of your cause,
To urge your merits with officious haste,
Sure as they are to win on the applause
Of future ages, and improving taste:

Yours is a fragrance that can never waste,
Though left for ages, charter'd to the wind ;
The holy odour will retain its zest,
Fresh as the balm, when bleeding from the rind
Of Gilead balsam trees.

A water-lily on the wave of time,
Your fair memorial fairer shall expand,
As the swift wave, in its career sublime,
Bounds to "the borders of Emanuel's land."
Eternity ! before it reach thy strand,
Spread out in splendour, the immortal flower
On all thy shores shall breathe its incense bland,
And shed its sweetness on the final hour,
When worlds are burning, and the just in power !

"What ! nonconformists of the mighty dead !"
Methinks I hear some bloated bigot bawl ;
"So ! every truant from a vulgar trade,—
Hot from the anvil, and the greasy awl,
Must rank with martyrs, and be class'd with
PAUL !

O noble army ! most *ignobly* fill'd !
If every mimic of commission'd Saul,
In fiery chariot is triumphant wheeled,
With 'MARTYR' blazoned on his bastard shield !"

They were not tradesmen ye presume to
 taunt,
But the *first* scholars of their fated days ;
Britannia's glory, dignity, and vaunt,
Wreathing her brow with those immortal bays
Which fix the universe itself to gaze ;
Pluck'd as they are from every field of lore :—
Where is the height, the distance, or the maze,
Their winged genius dared not to explore ?
Ye *cannot* name it.

Ours is a MILTON, “ in himself a host,”—
The mighty rival of “ the morning stars ;”
Hailing, like them, from his aerial post,
The young creation, bursting from the bars
Of night and chaos :—singing of the wars
Fought by embattled angels, on the field
Where Lucifer sustain'd eternal scars,
Whilst dashing headlong on the thunder-shield
Of Michael.

Ours is an OWEN, learned and polite,
Meek, though majestic, and though solemn,
 bland ;
A mild *sheckinah* of incarnate light,
Where gentle, soften'd the sublimely grand,

Making the beauteous on the bold expand,
Like a green mantle on Andean rocks ;
Where the fond shepherd fancied *he* could stand,
Safe as the highest of his climbing flocks,
Since all is vernal to the eye.

Ours is a BUNYAN, pilgrim of the heart,
The *first* explorer of experience' maze :
His *art* is nature, and his *nature* art ;
The same simplicity which touches, sways ;
Fixing the minds it fascinates, to gaze
On their own secrets, wondrously unseal'd,
As Pilgrim halts, or hesitates, or strays :
At every step, on mountain, slough, or field,
We see ourselves, our *inmost souls*, reveal'd.

Ours is a BATES, both social and serene,
Gracing alike the altar and the throne :
The *prophet* sat upon his lofty mien,—
The *seraph* whisper'd in his melting tone,—
The saint and seraph in the *pastor* shone,—
Winning at once upon the mind and heart,
Until the bigot was compell'd to own
In Bates an apostolic counterpart,
Where *holy oil* lay like a dew on art.

Ours is a HOWE, the heavenly and sublime,—
The calm revealer of eternity ;
Bringing to earth the anthems, and the chime,
Of every harp upon the thrones on high.
Unveil'd by him, there swims upon the eye
A rosy dawn of everlasting day,—
An open vista, guiding to descry
The hosts of glory, as in bright array,
Their various banners various ranks betray.

Ours is an ALLEINE, rationally warm
In the high cause of holiness and grace ;
Mount Sinai thunders in his loud ALARM ;
And Tophet blazes in the depths of space.
The awe-struck eye in every line can trace
The sheeted lightnings of uncover'd hell,
Where fire and darkness, knit in fix'd embrace,
Welter and toss, in one eternal swell,
Their surges sounding like the last judgment's
knell.

Ours is a BAXTER, resolute and calm,
Keen to unravel, candid to concede ;
His *spirit*, breathing like a spicy balm,
Round the high cedar and the humble weed;

Till all his sphere became a fragrant mead,
Where praise, as incense, floated in the air :
The half-extinguish'd "flax and bruised reed,"
Kindled and knit beneath his fostering care,
Till *Kidderminster* grew *one house of prayer*.

Ours is a DODDRIDGE, gentle and devout,
Scooping his knowledge from a thousand springs,
Until, replenish'd like a water-spout,
He rose and shook it from his sounding wings ;
Not as that cistern,—by tempestuous flings,
But cool and calmly, as distilling dew,
Or music floating from Æolian strings :—
The genial drops, not scanty, nor profuse,
Water'd Northampton.

Ours is a WATTS, the simple and sublime,—
The bard of children, and the sage's guide ;
Mighty alike among the spheres to climb,
Or group the wild flowers on the river's side.
Within his breast, harmoniously allied,
Reason and *Fancy* equally prevail'd ;—
Fancy gave charms to all the first descried,
And Reason guided when his *Fancy* fail'd ;
Twin stars they moved, and mutual empire held.

* * * * *

I hope you will not think, for a moment, that our son wrote this on the Sabbath morning or evening. That he did not. This is not a specimen of his sacred poetry, but of his *poetizing*. Now, though I like it, because I like the subject, still I am not so blind as to blink its faults. It is, in poetry, pretty much what our old ploughing used to be in agriculture ; the lines, like the old furrows, are rather *wavy*, and do not turn neatly.

But, dear me, this letter will have no end, if I go on thus digressing. I intended to tell you, that our Sabbaths are not gloomy. Gloomy, indeed ! What is there in family or public worship to make them so ? Just let any of your *late* lye-a-beds in town think of my family, servants and all, met for the “ morning exercise ; ” there is the fresh sunlight streaming in upon the family altar, like a Sheckinah of glory, and gilding the heads of young and old, whilst they kneel around ; or, there, in winter, is the bright fire in the great chimney, warming every one by its very looks. Is this dull ? If so, what is that house, where all the family are cooped up in their darkened bed-rooms,

hours later on the Sabbath than on other days of the week? There they are, snoring or yawning, in close air; whilst we are inhaling health, and offering praise. I know which house is dullest! Well, then, we get in good time to *public* worship. Is there any *liveliness* in being late? I just put this as a passing question. Now, I should like to know where I and my family could be so cheerful as in the House of God? Where would your *anti-Sabbath* men take us, in order to increase our enjoyment? With you, (I mean, about town,) they go, I suppose, a little way out of London. They must go a good long step before they reach the country. Well, when they get there, what do they see? Green fields, certainly, and lots of idle people sauntering about, romping, smoking cigars, or gipsying; whereas, in going to chapel, I overtake some of my neighbours, and have the opportunity, as we jog on together, of inquiring kindly about their health, and about their missionary box, and how their children get on with the Proof Catechism. Thus we take some "sweet counsel together by the way." Well, when at chapel, there I

either see all those neighbours, who belong to it, in their usual seats ; or, I miss some regular family, and thus learn where it is my duty to call, in a friendly way, in the course of the week, just to see what is the matter, and whether our wife could help a bit, if there be sickness in the house.

So far, there is nothing very dull-like. Well, then the worship begins ; and after that comes a good sermon, from a good man. What is there Jewish or gloomy in all this ? No one, surely, is such a *noddy*, as really to believe that Nonconformists sit for hours, listening to hum-drum or ranting harangues about the principles or peculiarities of dissent. Why, except when an ordination happens, we never hear a word, on Sabbaths, about church or dissent, except the constant prayer for a blessing upon all good ministers, whether *in* or *out* of the Establishment.

Well, after dinner, some of us go to the Sunday-school, (I like the Scotch name, "Sabbath-schools," better,) for an hour ; and there dullness is not ! O, it is a very pretty sight, either to an old or a young man, who has *eyes*

in his understanding, (and to any one who is of "*quick* understanding in the fear of the Lord," it is almost a prophetic vision of the latter-day glory, as our wife says,) to see "them *yung-ons*, (as Thomas calls them,) getting on so in the knowledge of the word." Thomas sticks like a *burr* to the school; although we cannot say yet that any of the children are truly pious. "'They are in a fair way, measter, of getting so," he says; "whoiy, none on us made much of our religious knowledge till we wur brought summut into *raab loife*. It wur this trial, and that temptation, as brought it into use. Manasseh did not think deeply on his feather's instructions, till he wur in prison. That maks me hope agen hope, even in the case of the farrier's childer. Them are sad lads, sure enough; and a sad *sample* they have at whoam."

I must tell you, in passing, that Thomas never forgets a favourite maxim of my father's; "Don't bury your dead too soon." In order to understand this, you must know, that there was once a great stir in our parish about a corpse that was said to have been found *turned*

in the coffin. Whether my father really believed the report, I am not sure ; but, in his usual way, he turned it to a good use. There were no Sunday-schools then ; and sometimes parents give up their "prodigal son," as *hopeless*, too soon. This was what my father cautioned against, when he said to a hasty father, or a heart-broken mother, "Don't bury your dead too soon." But I am digressing again ; and yet I must tell you a good joke, which occurred the other day. My *Lunnun* friend came to look at the school. On his way to it, he overtook some girls, who were going there ; and among them was the farrier's daughter. She is clever, though no scholar yet. Well, she, with the rest, said she could "read nicely." Accordingly, he took out some of the pretty little tracts of the Society ; saying he would give one to each girl, if she read the title nicely. So the first had for its title, "The Plum Pudding." A strange name, I must say ; but let that pass now. This was read at once, and given. Then another was picked out, and up came the farrier's girl. All the girls wondered she should try, for they knew

she could not read. The title was, "The Rainbow;" but she read it, (rather, guessed, from what our wife calls the association of ideas,) "roast beef!" Poor thing; her father has these two things *associated* in his Sunday dinner, (for he once lived in town,) oftener than he can afford. To *get* them, he lets his children go like beggars; and to *cook* them, keeps his slaving wife away from church and chapel.

And, now, as to the Sabbath evening, I must be brief. Indeed, there would be no end, if I were to tell you all that comes under our notice, even in the course of one year. For, only think how many subjects fifty-two Sabbaths bring up for evening exercise. I may, however, just say, that as to the *spoundings*, as Thomas calls them, I am not always the spokesman. My asthma unfits me at times; and then our wife (so far as the *whole* family are concerned) repeats what she can recollect of the sermons. Nor is this all; after the servants are gone out, she occasionally reads a chapter (prefacing it) to the girls. The following is the last *spounding* she made

them ; and I have made a *try* to do it justice, by catching her very words. I wish I could catch her *spirit* too ! It may be somewhat old-fashioned, but I see nothing new-fashioned so cheerful, or so like “the mind” of the Holy Spirit. You must know that she is a great stickler for the sanctity of the Sabbath ; and, whilst she will go any where within her reach on errands of necessity or mercy, every thing she does must come, by *logic*, under these heads ; as you will see from what follows :—

Now, children, before reading the chapter on this occasion, I would submit to you a case on which it is of importance to form an *impartial* judgment. It is a case which cannot occur again ; but it did occur once ; and, as it is interesting, it may be very instructive.

I refer to the BURIAL of the Saviour in the sepulchre in the garden. Now, I need hardly say, that HIS sacred body deserved all that was sacred and honourable in the treatment of the dead. Nobody could have such claims on the entire and tender rites of sepulture. DEATH never slew such a *victim* ; the GRAVE never held such a *prisoner*. ANGELS, if they can see

the scenes of earth from heaven, must have gazed with intense anxiety on the tomb of *their* Lord and *our* Lord; must have bent from their thrones in mute wonder, when they beheld the Lord of Life borne, in the silence of death, to "the narrow house of the grave."

Now, *next* to them in attachment and devotedness, were the NOBLE-MINDED WOMEN, who had stood by the Saviour's cross on Calvary when the disciples forsook him and fled. They *did* not flee, such was the strength of their love. They *could* not tear themselves away from the spot where Jesus was expiring. Though unsupported by the disciples, and, no doubt, insulted by the infuriated mob, they stood *firm*, bearing all reproach, and braving all danger.

You ADMIRE their conduct upon that *trying* occasion, and are ready to say of them, "Many daughters have done well, but these excelled them all." It is, therefore, only what you EXPECT of them, and but in *harmony* with their high character, when you are told, that they followed the Saviour's body to the grave, and

saw how it was laid ; and sat by the sepulchre, and prepared “ spices and ointments,” “ as the manner of the Jews is to bury.” All this is gratifying, but not *surprising* from them ; it is GREAT, but only of a piece with their characteristic greatness.

And now, think of them thus *inclined*—thus *prepared* to pay the last funeral honours to their Lord’s body. Is there any thing that OUGHT to have *prevented* them from FINISHING what they had so nobly begun ? However that may be, they did *not* FINISH the rites of burial, but returned home. WHY was this ? Was the ceremony *completed* before they came, by Joseph of Arimathea ? No. Were they *driven away* from the sepulchre by the Roman guards ? No. Were they directed by a vision of angels to go home ? No. And yet they LEFT the sepulchre for the space of *twenty-four* hours at least. How is this to be accounted for ? Were they AFRAID ? Yes, they were *seriously* afraid ; but not of the *darkness*,—not of the *loneliness* of the Saviour’s sepulchre ;—they were afraid of *offending* God ; afraid of

breaking the FOURTH commandment; and, therefore,

“They returned, and rested the Sabbath-day; according to the commandment.” Luke xxiii. 56.

This is the chapter. WHAT do you *think* of it? What is the *first* impression made on your minds by this strict adherence to the law of the Sabbath? Was it not too strict? *Unnecessarily* rigid? How could they offend God by paying the last honours to his Son? How could they have been *better* employed, than in *finishing* HIS funeral? Surely such an occasion would have warranted such a labour of love on the Sabbath-day!

Are these the reflections suggested by the conduct of the women of Galilee? Is this the *substance* of your opinion on the case? If so, however *plausible*, it is *unscriptural*, and, therefore, dangerous.

It is, however, *very* plausible. I know of no false opinion which is so *imposing*, both in its letter and spirit. I wonder much that the women of Galilee did not say to themselves and to each other, “There can be no

harm in doing such work on the Sabbath-day; this, surely, is not the KIND of work which God has forbidden; or, if it were wrong in the case of any one else, in the case of Jesus it would surely be allowed. He was "the Lord of the Sabbath; and how can HONOUR done to *him*, be DISHONOUR done to *it*?"

If they had reasoned so, few, I suspect, would have *blamed* them, or *wondered* at their opinion. Yea, if they had spent the WHOLE Sabbath in his funeral ceremonies, we should hardly have thought of censuring them, or even have imagined that they had done wrong.

Is it to our CREDIT that such would have been our feelings? Does it indicate a *good conscience*, that we can say, Where would have been the *harm* of doing such work on the Sabbath-day? VERILY, NOT! If the resting of these women had been wrong, or even weak, we should have been *told* so; but it is recorded by the Holy Spirit, because it was RIGHT; no more than absolute duty; for they "rested according to the commandment." Of course, according to the commandment

concerning the Sabbath. Let us, therefore, examine it, and see if there be in it any provision for such work. Exod. xx. 8, 9, 10, 11. No provision, you see, for any work."

So far (I wish it were farther) our wife's style. I hope I have not done wrong in trying to mark her emphasis, by *underlining* a good many words.

PURITAN.

A FORGOTTEN
PURITAN HOLIDAY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Puritan Farm, November 5th.

Do you know that our wife and I are quite disappointed, because in your number for November there is no notice whatever taken of the "Gunpowder plot and glorious memory day?" Is that *red-letter* day struck out of the London Dissenter's Calendar? Is *Bradbury's* mantle sent to Monmouth-street? Oh, if you had heard such *Novembers* (for so I call the sermons upon that occasion) as were common in my early days, you would have taken the pen yourselves, and both roused and reminded Dissenters. Well, as you have been so good as to print my letter on Bartholomew Day, I will try to pluck up courage once again, and give you

an account of this anniversary as it is kept in our family.

I have just left our wife dividing the PARKIN amongst the children, and giving the largest slices to those who repeat Palmer's Catechism most perfectly. We use this cake, however, more from respect to our *Yorkshire* friends, who send it yearly by coach, than from any superstitious feeling : indeed, as to its origin or its meaning, both our wife and I are equally ignorant ; there being nothing of the kind practised in this country. The children are fond of it because it is sweet ; and as it keeps them away from the bonfire, where the villagers are burning the Pope and Guy Fawkes in effigy, I see no harm in humouring them in this way. Perhaps you town-folks do not know what *Parkin-cake* is : in that case, it may be well just to mention that it is made of *treacle and oatmeal*, baked in a *tin*, as they do Yorkshire pudding ; only not under meat. But, as I said before, its meaning I myself am ignorant of. Having noticed this custom, I will now pursue pretty much the same method as in my account of our Bartholomew Day : indeed, with the

exception of not going to meeting, our plan is similar ; and we supply our "lack of service" by reading one or more of *Bradbury's Novemberers*. We commence, however, by reading, as the lesson for the day, Isaiah xlv. ; where, to us, CYRUS is the anointed representative of King William for the day. And, foggy as the weather is this morning, I contrived, in spite of my asthma, to read such verses as the following with a good sounding emphasis. "I have raised him up in righteousness, and I will direct all his ways : he shall build my city, and let go my captives, not for price nor reward, saith the Lord of Hosts. I will loose the loins of kings to open before him the two-leaved gates, and the gates shall not be shut."

I was led at first to this chapter, as the lesson for the day, by our wife : "The Prince of Orange" (said she, on the first anniversary, after *Novemberers* ceased to be preached at our meeting) was the Cyrus of the Protestant Captivity, when James II. was the Nebuchadnezzar of spiritual Babylon. The invitation of Britain sounded in his ears like a voice from heaven, assuring him, "I will go before thee,

and make the crooked places straight." Even from Nimeguen, he appears to have seen an apocalyptic angel, standing with one foot upon the bar of *Helvoet*, and the other upon the rock of *Torbay*, and crying with a loud voice, "The time of the Stuarts shall be no longer!" "For Jacob my servant's sake, and Israel mine elect, I have even called thee by thy name: men of stature shall *come over* unto thee—they shall make *supplication* unto thee, saying, *Surely, God is in thee!*" And, did not twenty-four Bishops and Peers,—“men” of the first “stature” in the kingdom, make “supplication” to the Prince of Orange? And, although James was his father-in-law, was he not borne out (in complying with the request of the nation) by that maxim of the King of kings, “He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me?” Thus Cyrus became to us the representative of William for this day; but with *understood limitations*, as our wife calls the clashing points between the two anointed deliverers: King William both knew and feared the God who anointed and “girded him.” We are, however, aware of his faults, and the Glencoe

massacre, especially, moderates our admiration : but then his measures led to the glorious, mild, and tolerant race of GEORGES and our own WILLIAM (bless him!)—a consummation in which we forget every thing but the “great gain.” And, as our wife says, “their still small voice” makes the Eljahs of the British Horeb forget “the strong wind, the earthquake, and the fire,” which preceded it. I often wonder, when she brings out such *pat* things, why I cannot make happy applications of passages I am equally familiar with ; but somehow I have not the *knack* :—*tact*, she calls it, when speaking of our venerated friend Mr. Jay’s quotations.

As to the GUNPOWDER PLOT, however, we have not been able to find any lesson for the day, descriptive of that event : “the burning fiery furnace” of Babylon left, as she says, an *alternative* to its victims ; but the Jesuits did not leave even the wretched choice between death and idolatry to the Protestant parliament.” And really there is something so sanguinary in all this infamous conspiracy, that I am compelled to say, the man of sin not only

‘exalteth himself above all that is called God,’ but degradeth himself beneath all that is called *Devil*. By the way, some folks in our neighbourhood affect to disbelieve the Gunpowder Plot, and one of the corporation in our market town, (upon my questioning their motives for making the Catholics a *present* of ground to build a chapel on, while they exacted a heavy price from the Independents,) told me, that this plot had been disproved by a letter found at Edinburgh, forty years after the detection. This letter, he said, bore a date some days prior to the discovery made by *Knevet* in the parliament cellar. Now, I must say, if a plain man may venture an opinion on such a subject, that after the confessions made by Digby, Rookwood, and Winter, on the scaffold; after the desperate resistance of Piercy and Catesby; after the daring avowals of Faukes and the Jesuits,—the man who can lay the plot to the charge of government, upon the authority of an *old letter*, is himself a hopeful subject for popish conversion; for certainly, if such an authority will make Romish pills palatable, the worst may be swallowed. I myself am a dabbler in

history, and have read all the best authors who have written in English : but whatever I may think of the Popish plot in the time of *Oates*, as incredible, I cannot hesitate a moment as to the Gunpowder : it was as surely popish as that the Bartholomew Day of Paris was celebrated in the Vatican of Rome. To refer it to any other class, is as ridiculous as it would be to say, that I distilled the mildew and hatched the grubs, which destroyed my crops in the year eighty-two. But I must stop—for when I get upon points of history, I have too much to say by half.

Well, having finished our chapter, we unite in singing Dr. Watts' version of the 75th Psalm; applying it as fully as the Dr. did, "to the glorious revolution by King William, and to the happy accession of King George." This, however, was not a morning for the Æolian harp to chime in with us; but when our theme is "The Happy Accession," we need no assistance from "harp, sackbutt, psaltery, or dulcimer:" there is both *melody and grace in our hearts to the Lord*, whenever we praise him (which we always do) for blessing us with the

elected George, in the room of the *legitimate Pretender*. But how comes it, that it is now looked upon as a *suspicious* thing, to use the phrase, "glorious revolution?" An old friend of mine, who calls himself a high Tory, shook his head, the other day, when I happened to use the expression, and hinted, that in the present day it ought to be dropt entirely. And, if it is only in the mouth of republicans, I certainly shall drop it, rather than be identified with the enemies of monarchy; but never

"While breath or being lasts,"

will I cease to commemorate the event (call it what you will) which brought the house of Hanover to the throne. I mean by it what my fathers did, when they rushed out of chapel to repulse the rebels under the Pretender: in a word, *loyalty*. And this morning my cheeks were wet with tears of gratitude and joy, while joining my loyal and devout family in singing, with an express reference to the reigning family,

"Britain was doom'd to be a slave,
Her frame dissolved, her fears were great,
When God a new supporter gave,
To bear the pillars of the State.

He from thy hands received the crown,
 And sware to rule by wholesome laws,
 His feet shall tread the oppressor down,
 His arm defend the righteous cause !”

After what was said in my former letter, I need only repeat, that commending our King and country to the best blessing of Heaven, is the chief object of our prayers at the domestic altar. Then used to follow, one of Bradbury's Sermons ; but to-day,—what do you think we read ? Why, a law book, written by one SERGEANT FIRTH, against the Dissenters. The substance of his book is, that—the Luddites and Blanketeers—the frame-breakers and insurgents—the conspirators and rebels, we once heard so much of,—were all Dissenters and Methodists ; not *one* Church of England man being found amongst the whole bevy. This charge he has dedicated to both Universities, and trusts, he says, that “the object of his tracts is pious and commendable.” What think you of such piety ? Our wife calls it *the piety of Pandemonium* ; by which I understand, “the wisdom” which James calls “devilish.” Now, I would not bring a railing accusation against

the devil himself, but since reading this dispute about the body of Dissenters, I have again and again caught myself saying, "The Lord rebuke thee, Sergeant Firth, Esquire!"

My first intentions upon reading this "pious and commendable" calumny against us, were to get our minister to write a review of the whole book for your Magazine; but upon afterthought, as this appeared an honour which it was not entitled to, "I will turn Reviewer myself for once," thought I,—"and if the office was never so filled before now, and the step be unlike every thing else in literature,—still, it will resemble what Paul calls, "setting them to judge who are of least esteem in the church." Accordingly I drank my tea more than usually strong, and took two cups more of it than usual:—and here I am in the little parlour, in my new capacity. Well, I have at length filled a folio sheet with extracts; under the several heads of—direct charges—sly hints—and broad insinuations. These, however, are for my own use, as I go along. Having accomplished this task, which to me has been more tiresome than weeding turnips, I must

write an introduction after the manner of regular critics : which is, I observe, a long, clumsy, lumbering paragraph, something in the style of Dr. Johnson, as to the number of words in the sentences :—a style very unlike my own, certainly, but I will try my hand at it.

REVIEW.

“The father of lies,” although a liar from the beginning, and who ought, therefore, to be master of his trade, has not always succeeded in bringing them forward with a wisdom equal to their malignity ; but, occasionally, he has defeated his own “pious and commendable object,” by manufacturing lies too gross even for prejudice to swallow, or credulity to believe. A less sweeping charge against Job might have gained some credit both in heaven and on earth : had he contented himself with calling “the man of Uz” luxurious, or too indulgent to his banquetting children,—in that case he would have had some shadow of evidence to support the charge ; but the unqualified assertion of *hypocrisy* and *selfishness*, defeated itself.

“ Abash’d the devil stood.”

It is proverbial, that “liars ought to have good memories;” but judging from the *slips* and *blunders* of their hoary father, we can hardly expect to find in his children this faculty in all the perfection required for the successful accomplishment of their “pious and commendable object.” Whether they contradict themselves out of respect to *his* example, or because they cannot avoid giving themselves the *lie*; we (for I suppose it is necessary to adopt the usual style of reviewers)—we who have renounced the devil, without the proxy of godfathers or godmothers, will not presume to determine. But, most gladly do we submit to our readers, *legal opinion* upon this question—and from no less a quarter than the authority of Sergeant Firth, Esquire! Speaking of the evidence furnished by the well-known CASTLES during the State trials, our author remarks—

“It is only *truth* that is immutably consistent with itself. True circumstances brought together will always agree in all their parts—but a heap of false circumstances, so far from agreeing with, will always repel each other: God and the immutable nature of truth will

not suffer *them* ever to amalgamate." pp. 56, 59.

In beautiful and affecting harmony with these general principles—the following instances occur as illustrations of the mighty influence of *truth* over his own mind. "I have reason to think that there are many individual sects of Christians in this country, whose fidelity and loyalty to the State are *unimpeachable*." p. 7, Dedication.

"Their (the Dissenters') undivided object is to pull down the Church and State, and bivouack among the ruins of all human systems and institutions." p. 146.

"Though I have used the general word, Dissenters, I never thought even of including the universal body of Dissenters." p. 8.

"I will, therefore, speak out at once, and that with confidence; I say that if the government of England would preserve itself in safety,—this can only be accomplished by keeping constant watch and ward over the universal body of Dissenters;—no real peril, with any pomp and circumstance of war, can come from any camp but theirs." p. 142.

“The regular members of that useful body of Christians (the Methodists) are, as I am assured from most respectable authority, lovers of order and good government, and the farthest removed from seditious inclinations against the State.” p. 8.

“The insurgents of the metropolis who took the most active part, were chiefly, as I learn, of the Methodist persuasion. The great and dangerous body of Methodists would prevail in point of strict literal numbers. The township of Liversedge, I learned, was the very focus of disaffection towards government; being chiefly of Methodist and other persuasions.” p. 194.

“Lest I should by any means incur the unjust imputation of my meaning, to comprehend all sects and classes of Dissenters, indiscriminately, within the severe censure that I intended in the main purely for *one class*.” p. 8.

“The general and decided character, as to religious persuasion, of the universal body of insurgents, taken together or separate, in each of the rebellious districts, was that of being

Methodists, or Protestant, or other Dissenters.”
p. 131.

“It is very distressing to recognise in so large a proportion of his Majesty’s liege subjects, a bitter and implacable hostility against government in the abstract.” p. 184.

These beautiful specimens of well-sustained *consistency*, give a solemnity and weight to the alarm sounded by Sergeant Firth, Esquire,—which cannot fail to rouse both Church and State to a proper sense of their danger. This trumpet gives no “uncertain sound.” But, seriously, we pity as much as we despise this libeller : indeed, like Gathercole, he is beneath contempt ; but we hope not past feeling ; may, therefore, the mortification of living unnoticed and dying unrewarded, be his only punishment ! So prays,

Yours in love,

PURITAN.

POSTSCRIPT.

The above is a very fair specimen of the spirit of the *Gathercole* hornets in the present day. Well, like the *Firth* hornets of 1818, they will soon be forgotten: for who but my-

self remembers the Seargeant or his book? And no one but the Bishop of London will remember Gathercole to the end of this year. He, however, cannot forget him so easily as he has disclaimed him.

VERY OLD PURITAN NOTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Puritan Farm.

I THINK I just mentioned my *Lunnun* friend. He is what Thomas calls “an odd *un*” for a Dissenter. He maintains, however, that real Puritans should not stickle at an Establishment. Indeed, he astounded us equally by his old and new notions. Christ, he says, has laid down, in express words, a plan of Church Reform, which, if adopted, would set all things right in the Church of England, and make her “the mother of us all.” Let her try, he says to “do the first works” of the *first* churches (and they, you know, worked as hard as my farm-servants ; ploughing all soils, and sowing good seed,) and she will soon discard all workmen and machinery too, which are not *like* those who did the first works.

I have his plan now before me. Perhaps you would like to see a bit of it. Well ; just remember the first works of the first churches, and tell me what you really think of my good friend's *queer* notions ; for I cannot help thinking them so, although he himself is, I am sure, quite serious in them all.

Yours in love,

PURITAN.

PRIMITIVE CHURCH REFORM.

Such, then, were “ the first works done ” by the apostolic churches. Were they works of supererogation ? Were they too many, or too great ? Were they intended rather to show what *could* be done for the world, than what *ought* to be done ? No church will venture to say so. All churches appeal to these first works, and even glory in them, as triumphant proofs of the truth and power of the Gospel. All churches claim to be apostolical in some sense ; and a few of them advance an exclusive claim to this honour in every sense. But what is the apostolic mantle, without the apostolic spirit ? The first titles, without the first works, are worse than useless.

Neither demonstrations nor decrees can settle the question of apostolicity. Nothing but apostolic *works*, done in an apostolic *spirit*, for the improvement of home, and the spread of the Gospel abroad, could settle it now. The age of theory and superstition on this subject is gone by. The world itself understands that apostolical is a *character*, not a title; a *thing*, not a name; a *responsibility*, as much as an honour. The right of preaching the Gospel can only be made out in our times by fitness to preach it, and fidelity and activity in preaching it. A college of physicians might as soon shelter ignorance and apathy under the pretence of Esculapian descent, as a church shelter either under the parade of apostolic descent. It is Esculapian skill, sympathy, and devotedness, that the sick, and the friends of the sick, care any thing about; and these, they know, are not hereditary, any further than the descendants of eminent physicians apply themselves to the work of their fathers. So it is, in apostolic descent. That church is most apostolical, which does and attempts most apostolic work. "Say I these things as

a man?" saith not the Bishop of Winchester "the same also?" "While we assert our apostolical commission, and our transmitted claim, we must be careful how we present to the world the spectacle of a personal inconsistency which defeats the weight of our argument, and practically contradicts our pretensions. To rest upon our abstract title, however legitimate, is to mistake the temper and requirements of the age in which we live. To little purpose shall we trace our genealogy, in its lineal descent, unless it be also written 'in fleshly tables' on the hearts of our people. Our hereditary succession must stand manifest before the world, in incontrovertible evidence, to be read of all men, whether friends or gainsayers, in our apostolical wisdom, our apostolical prudence, our apostolical meekness, our apostolical zeal and love." (Charge. 1833.)

Let, then, all churches be tried, and each try itself, by this test. That Church, especially, should be tried by it, which asserts her "hereditary descent" as one of her chief claims to national homage and support. She has certainly apostolic wages; and, therefore, apos-

tolic work and spirit may be fairly demanded from her, and ought to be firmly enforced upon her. She has "appealed" to the Cæsar of her apostolicity, and "unto" that Cæsar she shall go. Not alone, however; for she is not alone in her boast of apostolicity. Dissenting churches make the same appeal, although on other grounds, and, in general, for another purpose, and in another spirit. What, then, have our rival apostolicities done for the community at large?

The metropolis is the head-quarters of them all; does the moral state of its vast population indicate the presence of apostolic wisdom, prudence, zeal, or love? One half of the population worship nowhere on the Sabbath. Indeed, there is not accommodation for them, even if they were inclined to worship. But, alas, they are not. Taverns, tea-gardens, and suburban ordinaries, are more numerous, if not, also, more crowded, than our sanctuaries on the Sabbath. The parks carry the day against the cathedrals, and the highways against churches and chapels.

Would the apostles of the Lamb have taken

this state of things as easily and coolly as their successors have done? They might, indeed, have failed to bring "the whole city together" to hear the Gospel; but they would not have failed to *try* to do so. They would not have sat as hearers upon episcopal thrones during the Sabbath, nor as legislators in the Upper House during the week; whilst half the population around them were going astray like lost sheep, and perishing for lack of knowledge. I will not say that Paul would have refused to be the metropolitan, or Peter to be the primate of all England; but who does not see at a glance, and feel instinctively, that they would only have accepted these offices for the sake of making "full proof of their ministry," by fully preaching the Gospel in all the region round about their palaces? They would rather have wrought with their own hands at tent-making, than have been tied up by the etiquette or routine of any rank, to deliver only a visitation charge to their clergy, or to preach an occasional charity sermon. I will not say that Paul would have refused to reside at Lambeth; it is, however, only bare justice to his charac-

ter as an apostle to say, that he would have thrown open the palace, as he did his own hired house at Rome, receiving "all that came in unto him; preaching (to them) the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ with all confidence."

If there seem to be any thing ludicrous or unnatural in combining such ministerial work with archiepiscopal dignity, the office, not the work, is to blame. Trying "all means to save some," is apostolic work. And if the primacy be *above* it, modern primacy is *beneath*, and *unworthy* of an ambassador of Christ to sustain or accept. Better be for a time in the stocks of an inner prison, than locked out for life by the trammels of a palace from doing the work of an evangelist. English palaces have, indeed, hindered the spread of the Gospel, more than the Roman prisons did.

There is no Vandalism nor invidiousness in this remark. Palaces are not necessarily incompatible with "the first works" of the Christian church. It was both a fearful error and crime to build them, whilst the nation was left

without Bibles and education; but now that they are built, they may be turned to good account. Indeed, it would be unwise and wicked to destroy or abandon them, now that we want so many schools and colleges. Lambeth and Durham may be turned into hallowed missionary colleges, from which thousands may go forth to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ among the Gentiles. Besides, all such palaces may do, in the meantime, for religion, what more private houses could not accomplish so well. There must now be, in all churches which would not be *unchurched* by their supreme Head, united and fervent prayer for the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit upon the preaching of the Gospel at home and abroad. The first works of the first churches cannot be resumed without the *social prayer-meetings* of the first churches. Common prayer, with all its excellencies, does not embrace sufficiently all the wants of our *uncommon* times. All good ministers of Jesus Christ must now throw themselves upon the devotional sympathies of the devout; crying, "Brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have

free course, and be glorified." "Ye helping together, by your prayers for us," must be their watch-word; just as it was the watch-word of their apostolic fathers.

Now, the episcopal palaces are just the places for beginning the primitive prayer-meetings in. The pious nobility of the Church of England would not be ashamed, nor slow to visit Lambeth for this purpose. No man of high rank could take offence at being invited to join in social prayer, where a primate presided, and lords spiritual and temporal mingled their supplications for the good estate of the Catholic Church, and for the conversion of the world.

Thus Lambeth and Durham have it in their power to bring together, for devotional purposes, a class which could hardly be concentrated any where else for special prayer.

"For my friends' and brethren's sake," in that Church, "I will now say, 'Prosperity be within thy PALACES.'" It will be so when they are sacred to social prayer for the prosperity of the Gospel in the world: and not until then.

In the same spirit, I look with veneration, love, and hope, upon those "solemn temples" of my country, the cathedrals. They are neither too large, nor too splendid, for my taste. I know the motives in which they originated, and the purposes they were intended to serve; and loathe them both equally. But God can bring good out of evil, and light out of darkness. To me, therefore, they appear destined and preserved to be the grand shrines of missionary festival. Trophies of military and naval victory, and monuments of national fame, have graced them hitherto; but new and nobler memorials may wave from their lofty arches, and cluster around their majestic pillars. China and India may furnish torn banners of their vanquished idolatry, which will tell as much of British spiritual valour, as the flags of the Continent have told of her national prowess. There is room in both abbeys yet for monuments to missionary heroes and martyrs. And neither Chathams nor Nelsons, Newtons nor Johnsons, will be degraded, when Martyns and Hebers, Careys

and Morrisons, lift their colossal statues at their sides.

It will, however, be a still more becoming and sublime sight, when the living thousands of the British Israel assemble in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, to hear "particularly what things God has wrought amongst the Gentiles" by their ministers. To this purpose all cathedrals must be appropriated, or they will inevitably perish. It is now as impossible to uphold the existing minsters for ornament, as it is to add unto their number. No government could raise another abbey now, at the public expense, without perilling the throne. They might as soon try to build another tower like Babel, as to erect a new cathedral. They may, however, preserve all the cathedrals which exist, and render them pillars of the State, by making them *homes* of the people, for evangelizing and benevolent purposes. Bible and missionary societies would both re-consecrate them, and crowd them, as coronations have done. In this point of view they are truly valuable. They are just the places for "solemn assemblies" to meet in for holy fel-

lowship and high enterprise, on behalf of a perishing world. And, as they have been given to musical festivals without any advantage to either the Church or the State, it is time to consult the real benefit of both, by throwing them all open to missionary festivals. These would soon associate them, and all their legitimate regal purposes, with the prayers of all the devout, and with the sympathies of all the philanthropic. But, as the generality of them are now employed, they have no hold upon the moral sympathies of the nation at large, except in connexion with our revered monarchy, and our mighty dead; and that connexion will be best sealed, by sanctifying it with the religion of godlike enterprise.

Let no one say or suspect, that I am not sincere and grave in demanding this *Pentecostal* appropriation of ecclesiastical buildings for evangelizing purposes. I do not "know better," than to suppose it possible. He who says or thinks that the Bishops would oppose it, pays them no compliment. Besides, they have never been tried yet, by this *test* of their apos-

tolate. No such demand upon their zeal has ever been made before, and no such proposal submitted to their consideration. It is, therefore, unfair to prejudge them. This use of the cathedrals and palaces, was not likely to occur to themselves; nor, indeed, to any one else, until the ascertained wants and woes of the heathen awoke all the godly of all churches, to "devise liberal things." Besides, it has been for ages, so much a matter of course, to confine those buildings to their old purposes, that any candid man may easily conceive how Bishops, without any consciousness of sin or folly on their own part, should have felt themselves bound to use and transmit the property, according to the old line of things. But, now that this line is broken beyond all mending; now that such property must be made useful, or sink by its own dead weight; and now that pomp cannot uphold episcopal power, apart from apostolic zeal, Bishops will be to blame, if they attempt to transmit episcopal property in its old channels, or for its old purposes. Only an immediate pentecostal application of it, can save it.

Now, that would save it: aye, and enshrine it too with a glory more sacred than it ever had before! We are not an infidel nation, nor a penurious people. Two-thirds of the empire would make the heavens ring with holy acclamations, if the Universities were thrown open to all churches, and the cathedrals to all societies, which would "do the first works" of the first churches.

Besides, the neglect of the first works on behalf of the world, exposes all churches to be *unchurched*, by the judicial excommunication of their supreme Head. He eventually removes "out of its place," in his protection and blessing, the golden candlestick of every church, which does not shine as a light to enlighten the world. It may burn for a time under the bushel of secularity and selfishness; but, like the Asian candlesticks, its removal is certain, and its extinction inevitable, unless that bushel be thrown off.

But, why should it not be thrown off? The Church of England might place her golden candlestick on a *table*, from which it could "give light to the whole house" of heathenism

abroad, and of ignorance at home. She has it in her power both to bless and astonish the world, by practical demonstrations of her apostolicity. She need not perish, nor be in peril, if she will only put forth her energies to do the first works. Nothing she has to *undo*, in order to do them, would weaken her real strength, or dim her real glory. It is not strength, to be unable or unwilling to bear down in phalanx upon all the strongholds of Satan: it is not glory, to wear splendours which unfit for holy enterprise. Millions at home, and hundreds of millions abroad, are perishing for lack of knowledge; and no church could supply so much of it, as the episcopal Church of England. She has more of the pecuniary and literary means of doing the first works of the first churches, than all our Protestant churches put together. State patronage and private munificence, have been a prolonged *Pentecost* to her; so far as laying "their goods at her feet," is a pentecostal blessing. She has also "the gift of tongues," in the classical sense of that gift, in a degree far beyond all other churches. "There is no speech nor language," where she

could not make her voice to be heard, if she set herself as an evangelist, to make "her line go out through all the world, and her word unto the end of the earth." She could both rear hosts of missionaries "thoroughly furnished unto every good word and work," and freight vessels to land them on every shore. In a word, what could she not do, if she set herself to revive the first works?

To do these works would, indeed, involve the undoing of not a few old customs. She must, of course, accommodate her operations and etiquette to the wants of society. What then? She will have society with her, when she becomes all things to all men, that she may save some. What she lost in temporal splendour, she would gain in spiritual power. Should she even incur any thing that amounted to privation, by thus making herself a general blessing, that momentary poverty would give her permanent influence, and an eventual competency. She cannot "labour in vain," if she labours like the churches with whom she claims kindred.

Let no one say, yet, "that she will not do

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so." The Church of England accommodated her *doctrines* to the Word of God, when she separated from the Church of Rome : and, why should she not accommodate her discipline and forms to the *work* of God? She once nobly dared all hazards to harmonize her creed with " the faith once delivered to the saints ;" and she is equally able to harmonize her conduct with the work once done by the saints. A church that had the honesty and the hardihood to go back to primitive truth, the moment she saw the Bible translated, is just the church to go back to primitive simplicity of order and operation, now that Bibles are in all hands. She reformed her Articles whilst *chains* could hardly keep the Scriptures from the grasp of Bonner, even in her cathedrals : and, why should she not reform her Rubric, now that chains cannot bind the Word of God? If a few Bibles in the land led her back to apostolic orthodoxy, millions of them will surely lead her on to apostolic labour, now that no Vatican but public opinion thunders ; and it, only against sloth and secularity.

They are no friends to the Church of Eng-

land, who would urge her to brave the Vatican of public opinion. It was wise and heroic to brave that of Rome. It is madness to defy the voice of an empire. This will enforce reform, or effect ruin. The Church cannot keep up the secular distinctions, which now keep her from making "full proof of her ministry," amongst the poor and the perishing. She cannot perpetuate an ascendancy, which degrades other churches, and unfits herself for doing the work of an evangelist. She must become a fellow-labourer, in the true spirit of Christian fellowship, with all Protestant churches, which "hold the Head," and help the world; or give place to them. Neither her standing in the Court, nor her place in the Cabinet, can keep her place in society.

"Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O daughter of Zion;" shake thyself from the dust of a blinding antiquity; loose thy neck from the bands of secularity; and thus be the virgin daughter of Jerusalem! Never had a church such an opportunity of becoming so. She might easily be "the mother of us all," by becoming maternal. She may be literally

national, by making herself practically apostolic.

There is not more meant in this than meets the eye. Or, if any eye see in it visions of poverty and levelling, they are reflections from that eye, and not from my designs. Indeed, one chief object of my appeal is, to secure to the Church of England all her own real property. She needs it all, in order to do "the first works." She cannot do them all without it. Yea, she will both require and deserve more than she has, when she adjusts her system to the spiritual wants of the world. Her Universities have no foundations too wealthy, if they educate a sufficient number of able ministers of the New Testament, for home and foreign service. Her Bishops have no undue revenues, if they apply them to evangelizing purposes. Her hierarchy have no excess of power, if they employ it only for the glory of God. Her work, if well done, will modify and balance all those things for good. No minister has, therefore, any thing to fear from apostolic work, so far as reward is concerned. Let his work be truly apostolic, and this land of Bibles

will allow him to put his own price upon it. Whatever a good conscience will permit him to ask or expect for his services, the national conscience will cheefully pay. He may make his own terms, for devoting himself to the good of mankind at home or abroad. Nay, his wishes would be both anticipated and exceeded, by the generous good will of the nation.

It will, however, be asked here, With whom, in that case, would the hierarchy have to treat? I answer at once, only with each other, in the first instance. Let them agree together, that there shall not be a district or village of the kingdom left without a sufficiency of efficient labourers, and there is neither power nor will on earth to prevent them from carrying their holy resolution into effect. The stars of heaven would fight for them in their courses, against any Sisera who attempted to hinder them in such an enterprise. And as to the Bishops, except for the sake of courtesy, they have no occasion to consult each other, before commencing the first works of the first bishops. Each of them may select a heathen sphere abroad, and a neglected district in his own dio-

cese, upon which he can well expend all that he can spare from his revenue. He is accountable to none but God for the stewardship of it. He may do with his own what he will, at home or abroad. No man has any right even to ask, "What doest thou?" were Canterbury to devote one quarter of its revenues to found a mission in China, and another quarter to build churches in Kent; nor, were York to appropriate one half of its revenues to evangelize Siam. All the world is open to all the bench, to choose where they shall each send and support the standard of the cross.

POSTSCRIPT.

Now, what think you of this plan of Church Reform? You will, perhaps, say with our Thomas, "It is an odd *un*, for a Dissenter." He adds, however, that, "for *cartain*, it has more *show* of Scripture in it than the PARLIAMENT plan, by much." And even you and myself must confess, that He who walked in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, did set the fallen churches of Asia, to "do their first works." So far, our wife allows, that it

whether, as she says, "the Asian and the English Church corruptions were so parallel, that the same cure would suit both."

Besides, she maintains, that our friend will seem unto the world and the Church, "as one that mocketh;" notwithstanding all his professions of sincerity. "We," she says, "know the sincerity of his opinions, and the simplicity of his motives, and the consistency of his conduct with both; for he supports equally Conformist and Nonconformist institutions, which do the first works of the first churches: but high Churchmen will hold him to be a *masked* Dissenter, and hot Dissenters will regard him as a *masked* Churchman. Wits will reckon him a *wag*, and all political economists set him down as a visionary. You, therefore, Mr. Editor, knowing her opinion on this point, had better think *twice* before you speak once. I intend to think *thrice* on the subject, in the hope that that will prevent me from *speaking* at all upon it; for it is, as our Thomas says, "a ticklish point."

THE PRINCE OF PURITANS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Puritan Farm.

WELL, the printing of the poetry has had the desired effect on our son. He acknowledged that the lines are, as I said, too *wavy*; and not even so well turned as Thomas's old furrows, at the *end-rig*. Accordingly, he has forsaken the Muses, and become a *muser* in prose. Can you cure him of that too? I cannot. I cannot even convince him, that many sentences in the following essay are too long for short breaths to read *out*, with emphasis. They tell very well, when his mother is the reader; for there is a *witchery* about the rising and falling, and *æolian* tones of her voice (bless that sweet voice!—its music makes all good things better,

and all sad things softer to my old ears.) But even when my asthma is not on, I am thrown out of breath by our son's style. But you shall judge for yourself.

Dr. Owen is his first subject, and it is evident, from the way he gets at it, that he wants to *curry* favour for his favourite, with all parties. Not that he blinks his own non-conformity—catch him at that, if you can! No, no: he is his father's son in that; and his mother's son too, in all the best points of Puritanism.

Yours in love,

PURITAN.

Evangelical Dissenters have not sufficiently availed themselves, hitherto, of the moral weight and the intellectual grandeur which the character and writings of their founders can give to their cause; but while the Church of Rome glitters in the gems of her "fathers," and the Church of England never appears without the crowns of her "martyrs," Puritans say little or nothing of the brightest names upon their an-

nals. Our principles certainly preclude us from all appeal to our founders, as *final* authority; they forbid us to call any man "master" in the church, but they do not preclude the appropriation of any distinction which our fathers acquired; they do not restrict the "sons of Aaron" from appearing in the *tribunal breast-plate* after his death.

With a view to engage a becoming attention to the elder Nonconformists, the following essays have been drawn up. Let it, however, be fully understood, that neither party feeling, nor party pride, have influenced me in the selection of my own *favourites* from "the general assembly of the spirits of just men made perfect." I do not forget that "just men" of all denominations compose that assembly: I even delight to contemplate it as "A RAINBOW AROUND THE THRONE." To me, the splendours of this immortal arch eclipse all the shades of circumstantial difference; and to trace its glittering footsteps as it moves from hill to hill of Zion, is as gratifying to the *man*, as it was to the *boy*, to watch the rainbow of the clouds, shifting from mountain to mountain, and laying

its beams alternately upon the mighty waters and the minute rivulet. If, therefore, I have applied, for a moment, a Puritan *prism* to this arch, my object has not been to separate permanently the *colour* most agreeable to my own eyes ; but that I might examine its primitive beauty, apart from combination, and, that done, to let it fall back into full union with the other colours of the moral rainbow.

DR. OWEN.

John Owen, although a native of Stadham, in Oxfordshire, held his pedigree from Owen of Llwyn, a gentleman lineally descended from the ancient and royal tribe of the Llewlyns. This Cambrian ancestor failed, however, to transmit unto his English posterity the characteristic genius of either the royal or bardic Llewlyns : the sap of that "wild olive tree" seems to have been exhausted before the scion destined for Oxfordshire was transplanted ; at least, whatever the father might inherit, it is certain the son was not heir, either to the feudal spirit of the Cardiffe princes, or the poetical fury of the Glamorgan minstrels. It would,

perhaps, be impossible to select from the voluminous writings of Dr. Owen any one metaphor, or flash of imagination, identifying him with Christmas Evans, or John Elias ; for, with all *their* tender solicitude and intense feeling in behalf of souls, he has little or none of their Welch fire. His reasoning is generally luminous, his research evidently extensive, and his remonstrances keenly pointed ; but he never “rides upon the whirlwind” of an alarm :—never stands “clothed with the rainbow” of an allurements. Nature might furnish no splendid imagery,—fancy no brilliant colouring, for any use Owen makes of either ; whether discussing or declaiming, he is always in sober daylight,—never moving with the glare and rapidity of the comet, nor with the glitter and gyrations of the Aurora Borealis.

The total absence of these adventitious qualities is, however, amply compensated by a discrimination, amounting almost to *intuition*,—by a simplicity of method, and a fulness of illustration, which, if they do not fascinate, affect the heart, while they inform the understanding. He appears to have found all that

charm in practical ideas, however plain, which some of his contemporaries found in

“ Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn ;”

and yet he never betrays his complacency, except by persevering in composition. With him it seems rather a matter of *conscience* than of taste or habit, to multiply “ line upon line, and precept upon precept ;” and their justness, not their ingenuity, maintains his activity. It is, however, well known, (at least to professed authors,) that spirited perseverance in writing depends in no small degree upon the originality and beauty of occasional passages : a train of *new* thoughts, conceived and expressed with equal force and facility, will both re-animate the mind of a writer, and reconcile him to the drudgery of dry detail and tame definition. Any one may trace in Jeremy Taylor and Bishop Hall, the inspiring influence of a fine idea over *their* minds : from that moment they proceed like “ giants refreshed with new wine,” and, for a time, evidently triumph in their own success. We are *made* to feel that they were as conscious of it as we are ; nor can we help

seeing their own eyes sparkling over the splendid creations of their own genius. Now, although Owen produced no passages of this inflaming kind, to pause upon with self-complacency, he struck out new lights, and solved old difficulties as he went along, which do him equal credit, and are equally gratifying to a writer; and yet he never seems aware of his own success, never makes any one feel that he himself was conscious at the time of having done "some great thing."

A thorough understanding of these characteristics of Owen's mind, will account for his *manner* as a writer, and explain the secret of that heaviness and tautology, which modern readers complain of finding in him. It would be worse than folly to attempt a vindication of his style and manner: they are often uncouth, but they always accomplish the true end of writing,—to convey knowledge; which is more than can be said of many elegant compositions. The fact is, his mind was too much engrossed and affected by the invisible things concerning which he wrote, to leave room for solicitude about *manner*: he seems to have con-

templated "God and the Lamb" so uniformly in their *own light*, that language (incapable of embodying his conceptions) was resorted to chiefly as a *spender*, when the spring tides of thought, coming in like a flood, were too heavy for the mental channels, and too high for the huge embankment of his spirit, to bear or bound. Vast and varied as his works are, they are only the *overflowings* of his ideas; he has not told "the half" of what he saw and felt in the scheme of redemption; and the glories of that scheme were so thoroughly a *real presence* to him before he began to write, that there existed between them and his soul a secret understanding and mutual sympathy, (as in the case of kindred spirits,) that any words in any order were eloquent to himself, because they were the visible signs of invisible emotions, which no eloquence could render deeper or dearer. In a word, he had attained an unequalled portion of that *spirituality* which makes "the new song," although in the same words, *eternally new* to glorified minds. If, therefore, we feel him at times tedious by his minuteness, and, in some instances, tautological, let it

be remembered, that he had imbibed a large measure of His spirit, who, in revealing himself upon Horeb, collected and grouped together all the Hebrew synonymes of MERCY, that there might remain no "gracious word" unapplied to his gracious character. It is owing to our slighter intimacy with divine things that we have room for the feeling of slovenliness and repetition; for, taken as a whole, or viewed in substance, any one of Owen's great works evinces a holy familiarity with the invisible world, akin to seeing "face to face." He moves up and down the Bethel ladder of revelation, from its base in Tophet, to its summit at the eternal throne, if not with the elegance, with the alacrity of an angel; and it requires only the temper of Jacob upon his mountains, to feel and acknowledge that they are "none other but the house of God, and the gate of heaven."

In these points of view, Owen presents the extraordinary phenomenon in literature of a mind superior to "the lusts of the mind," of a spirit redeemed from "spiritual wickedness in high places;" and that so thoroughly, that for any thing which appears to the contrary, he might

have been composing his works for an order of beings who had no taste,—for a world without critical tribunals, or classical archives,—so indifferent is he to manner, so free from affectation. His style does not even partake of that studied quaintness and antithesis which distinguished his age; but the flood of information which rolls along its rough channel, and the *trade wind* of devout feeling which blows perpetually over the whole, are infinitely more valuable than a scanty rivulet, however beautified by enamelled banks and picturesque shores.

Comparisons are only odious when they are invidious; and therefore I shall avail myself freely of comparison in the course of these essays.

Both Jeremy Taylor and Bishop Hall would suffer more from a comparison with Owen's *talents*, than he would from one with their *taste*. His single work upon the Hebrews contains more genuine theology than all the writings of both put together. Hall had not sufficient learning for such a work; nor had Taylor that grasp of intellect, which, like an *omnipresence*, embraces at once the minute and the immense

of the commentary with equal effect. Could Hall have conceived such a design, and then made himself master of the varied knowledge required for its accomplishment, he would have brought it forth with more effect than Owen has done ; because the style of the former being sententious and pointed, would have kept it within a manageable compass, and thus fitted it for general circulation. Could Taylor, again, have “weighed that mountain in scales,” he would have enshrined it with azure radiance, and festooned its hanging precipices with flowers, and encamped upon its summit the “cloud of witnesses,” under the banner of the Captain of Salvation. *He* could not have satisfied himself with simple elevation and stability, but would have taught its echoes the hymn of the archangel, and the hum of the wild bee,—the bleat of the shorn lamb, and the sepulchral voices of all who died “in faith.” Owen was satisfied when he made it “an everlasting mountain,”—leaving it, as God has left the ALPS, to be beautified by “*vine-dressers*.”

The design of these remarks will be much mistaken, should any one suppose them in-

tended to depreciate the merits of Hall and Taylor. I could not, without outraging all my feelings and convictions, underrate such men. But whatever merits Hall's Contemplations may have, (and none have equal,) his other theological works evince little more than a facility of quotation and quaintness sworn to *passive obedience* on the side of his patron, LAUD.

The Lake poets have made it fashionable to praise Taylor "in the gate;" and he has excellencies besides those which they have rendered popular, as well as faults which they are not likely to detect; but neither his devotional sincerity, his long-sustained flights of imagination, his dew-dropping flowers, nor his richly-set gems, can redeem his theology from the charge of glaring inconsistency. Apart from the question of its being orthodox, it contradicts itself:—even its leading principles, while walking like *masks* in an illuminated garden, seldom meet without giving each other the *lie*. He is Arminian and Calvinist in the same breath, and talks of "free will, and the eternal bands of predestination," with as much verbose composure as if both were equally true in the

sense he uses the terms. I will venture to affirm, that the deacons of John Owen's church in Coggeshall had clearer ideas of systematic divinity, and the analogy of faith, than the contemporary Bishop of Down and Connor. Genius and piety he possessed in a high degree, but judgment to discern the harmonies of divine truth, or to detect his own inconsistencies, he either had not, or did not exercise. Maintained consistency is one of the grand characteristics of Owen's theology; and he maintains it throughout, not by dexterous management, in evading difficulties, nor by any affected adoration of them as mysterious; not by placing them out of sight, nor by merging them in the convenient gulf of pretended inutility; but by establishing stronger objections against the mode of discharging mystery, and the system which is left by that process, than any to which Calvinism is liable. In controversy, he was completely master of the *reductio ad absurdum*, but uses it without levity or galling irony. In his work against Arminianism, even when he has shut up his opponents "within a circle, around which they might be lashed to all eter-

nity," he never makes them writhe by sarcasm, nor blush by ridicule : he makes them feel that they gain nothing by warring against the sovereignty of grace ; proves that the *fact* remains the same *after* as *before* the abandonment of the *principle* ; demonstrates that a scheme which would save indiscriminately, could have no penal sanctions ; and having hung this " mill-stone " around the neck of Arminianism, he plunges it into the sea of absurdity ; or rather, places it so that it falls by its own weight ; for Owen was too meek to wear the mien of a conqueror, even at the moment of victory.

In his exposures of Episcopacy, neither the *gentleman* nor the Christian disappear in the warrior : courteous when

" armed cap-a-pie,"

and " clothed with humility " above his mail. Even Wood ceases for a moment to be *worm-wood*, when writing of Owen's gentleness in this controversy ; and, like the devil's acknowledging Jesus, says, " I knew him ; he was one of the fairest and most genteel writers who have appeared against the Church of England, as

handling his adversaries with far more civil, decent, and temperate language, than many of his fiery brethren, and confining himself wholly to the cause, without the unbecoming mixture of personal slanders and reflections." Stillingfleet has also borne his testimony to the same effect. "Owen treated him with civility and decent language, for which he thanked him."

A wide and interesting field now opens upon us, in which it will be my object to trace the career and character of Owen during the Protectorate of his patron, Oliver Cromwell, and in connexion with the temporary overthrow of Episcopacy.

That Lord Chancellor Hyde should have expressed his surprise, "that so learned a man as Dr. Owen embraced the novel opinion of Independency," is not wonderful. Independents themselves must be surprised when they review the circumstances under which this step was taken. That denomination was not then, what it is now, equally reputable both in point of talent and numbers; but even at the period of the SAVOY ASSEMBLY, it had but few attractions for a learned, and none for an ambitious man.

It was, however, during its "low estate,"—when its principal divines were driven into Holland; when Goodwin, Nye, and Burroughs, stood almost alone, that Owen embraced Independency. This historical fact ought not to be forgotten: its date places his disinterestedness beyond suspicion and insinuation; for it was impossible at the time to have foreseen the eventual *patronage* of Cromwell. Owen had staked every thing upon the system, before a ray of patronage was shed upon its banners; they had, indeed, no attractions for *his* mind, except what they derived from heaven. The crisis was such, that to a man of less principle than Owen, the temptations from the other sides would have proved irresistible. Episcopacy, although sunk as a system, into general contempt, had still *funds* sufficient to entice and compensate enterprising champions;—had, even in the Laudean party, men worth associating with; and, what was more adapted to *his* taste, it had many excellent clergymen who aimed only at *improving* the hierarchy and the liturgy. Attached, therefore, as he was to the doctrinal articles of the Church, it is a wonder

that he did not join issue with the moderate party, seeing all his early associations were on the side of Episcopacy. Besides, we have his own authority for affirming, that at his outset in life, he was *ambitious*; that during the period of his studies at the university, his "whole aim was to rise to some eminence in Church or State,—no matter which." This he has confessed with "shame and sorrow." Mighty, therefore, must have been the force of truth upon his conscience, before a mind of this constitutional bias could have started at once from the pomp of Episcopacy, to the simplicity of Presbyterianism,—a transition, every step of which was planted on the neck of his secular interests and early habits. But still more wonderful was his transition from Presbyterianism to Independency. The former approaches so nearly to "the simplicity which is in Christ," and is so solemn and devout in what is different to that simplicity, that the necessity of another change could not be easily perceived. Presbyterianism was such an advance towards primitive order, and was at the time so evangelical in sentiment, and so likely to keep the as-

cendant, that Owen had every motive, but *one*, to rest in the system.

Let me not be misunderstood while denominating these transitions wonderful ; I refer, not to the evidence on which Independency rests, nor to the abstract truth of the system ; that is so complete in itself, that if nothing but *truth* regulated human decisions upon divine subjects, I should not be at all surprised by the universal adoption of this form of church government. I refer, however, to what HYDE did,—its “*novelty*” when Owen embraced it. It was in effect, then, “a new thing in the earth,” after lying extinct during thirteen centuries ; and when revived again, was so unlike every thing venerated as ancient, or valued as useful, that at first sight it naturally seemed subversive of all order and authority. Such being its aspect at the time, and labouring, as it did, under the additional odium of *republicanism* ; *it is wonderful*—that a man, courted by both parties in power, embraced it so readily, under so many disadvantages. Owen, certainly, acquired both distinction and influence by the step, and, under the auspices of

the parliament, became a man of more consequence than he could have been as an Episcopalian, or as a Presbyterian—but this, I repeat it, he could not have anticipated when his choice was made. Indeed, no folly can be more arrant than to impute *secular* motives to him, or to the Independents of that age: the distinctive essence of their system was, *and is*, the separation of their churches from the *spiritual* control of both crowns and mitres, and from the temporal immunities of the State. They pleaded for nothing, and could accept of nothing, beyond freedom to manage their own affairs, and preach their own sentiments. “Getting into power,” is a ridiculous insinuation against Independents, and equivalent to saying that they *renounced* Independency during the Protectorate. My limits will not allow of any formal vindication of Owen, and the religious denomination he acted with during these critical times; I shall therefore content myself by copying the testimony of a clergyman. The following passage occurs in the dedication of Colonel Hutchinson’s Memoirs to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales:—“The Independents pro-

ceeded upon that principle, which, how general soever it ought to be, is, however, unfortunately, very uncommon,—*of allowing to all that liberty of conscience they demanded for themselves.*”

Having thus endeavoured to place the disinterestedness and simplicity of Owen's motives in a clear light, it is from no affectation, that I now declare myself to be utterly at a loss how to proceed. I cast a despairing look towards my *memoranda*, and see no way of disposing of them to my own satisfaction. A mere *list* of his works would exceed my remaining limits. What a contrast they present to the *spirit* of his times! They are almost the only things upon which the contemplative eye can repose with conscientious delight, during that national crisis. They are emphatically “a still, small voice,” breathing in between the thunder-peals of the political heavens; and making us feel that “the Lord God of Elijah” was indeed there. When I bring before me, in idea, the scene of the civil war,—crowded with daring spirits wound up to desperation,—agitated by the clash of rival energies, rival principles, rival

prejudices, rival motives, and rival arms ;— while crowns, mitres, and maces, lie as broken shields upon the arena of conflict ; I feel as if it must have been impossible to do any thing during the struggle, except to “ stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.” But to be at *this* time, at once a presiding spirit in the conflict, and a student such as Owen was, would have been to me inconceivable, were not his works before me. Cæsar wrote commentaries during his campaigns, but the world never witnessed the union of public enterprise and private exertion, in the same degree in which they subsisted in Owen. His engagements seem, in fact, *subversive* of each other ; for what more apparently incompatible than solving cases of conscience, and counselling the great assembly of the nation ; than being alternately closeted with statesmen and penitents ; than guiding the studies of universities, and the steps of pilgrims ; than preaching before parliament, and before the Essex farmers ; than walking with *God* and with *Cromwell* ! And yet these are the extremes which he managed to combine, without compromising principle, or serving

“ the Lord deceitfully.” The *Muses* obeyed his call at Oxford, and re-visited the banks of Isis in the fulness of their inspiration ;—and the graces of the Holy Spirit came at his intercession to Coggeshall. He made the sages of antiquity popular at the university, and rendered Christ “ precious” in the humblest churches. The learned “ heard him gladly” as a chancellor, and “ the common people” as a pastor. Like the angel *Gabriel*, who could accommodate himself with equal facility to the timid *Mary*, and to the learned *Daniel*. Owen became all things to all men, without disappointing any man, and was a *Proteus* free from stratagem.

The explanation of all this is to be found, I apprehend, in his *spiritual-mindedness* ; that enabled him to pass “ unspotted ” through the contaminating and conflicting “ world ” in which he lived. Spirituality encircled him with an enshrining halo, which, while it attracted general notice, intimidated even the ambitious from attempting to suborn him to their purposes. Neither Cromwell nor Charles II. dared to tamper with his integrity :

“ Abash’d, the devil stood.”

The author of Owen’s epitaph has anticipated me in pointing out the true *secret* of his eminence : “ though a pilgrim on earth, he was next to a spirit in heaven.” This is exactly the impression left upon my mind, after a careful perusal of his works. He seems to me, from the time he obtained relief under the Gospel, to have reasoned with himself in the following manner :—“ In order to see clearly and feel powerfully how I ought to act and think, while passing on to a *world of spirits*, I will imagine myself to be now, *a simple spirit*; and, in that capacity, form my estimate of this world. The mere circumstance of my being united to a material body, cannot alter the vanity of earthly things, nor lessen the value of heavenly things, and therefore ought not to alter them in my estimation. Whatever would be really unbecoming a spirit ‘ out of the body,’ cannot be worthy of a spirit ‘ in the body,’ because, separate or united, the *interests* continue the same. I will therefore address myself to duty, as a *spirit*; grapple with temptation, as a *spirit*; mix in society, as a *spirit*; and in my

percourse with men, treat them also as *spirits* upon the wing to the world of spirits." A practical conviction, akin to this, was certainly deep seated in the mind of Owen, and became the secret of his consistency and usefulness.

My object in giving prominence to this characteristic, is, that I may press home upon the hearts of Christians, a sense of the value of *spiritual-mindedness*: "it is life and peace,"—the true secret of enjoying both worlds at once. To a spiritual mind, the everlasting wheel of Providence furnishes ever new subjects of curiosity and reflection: every movement throws light either upon some past event, or is the brightening shadow of approaching events; and thus, amid the shifting scenery of empires and churches, "that living wheel" rolls star-encircled along the track of the eternal purposes, evolving, as it advances, the manifold wisdom of God. To a spiritual mind, nature, both in its mild and majestic scenes, will prove at once instructive and affecting. The cataract, thundering in the ravine, chafing and agitating its mountain-channel, while its waters are forming into a calm, transparent lake beneath, will not fail to sug-

gest to such a mind, how the rough stream of human affairs, after foaming through the maze of time, will come calm and waveless around the throne of God, and remain for ever "a sea of glass mingled with fire." And *redemption*, to a spiritual mind, will be, in a measure, what it is to glorified spirits,—a theme ever new, never uninteresting.

THE END.

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